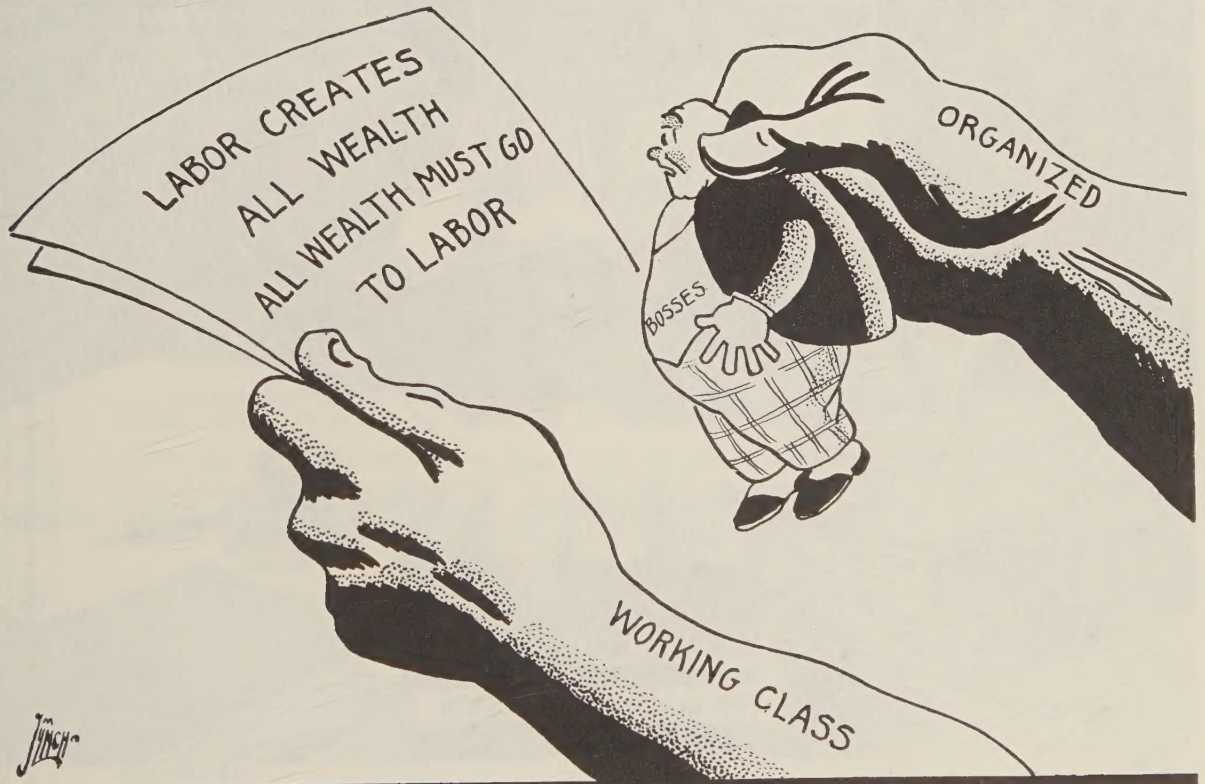


The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

MARCH 1926

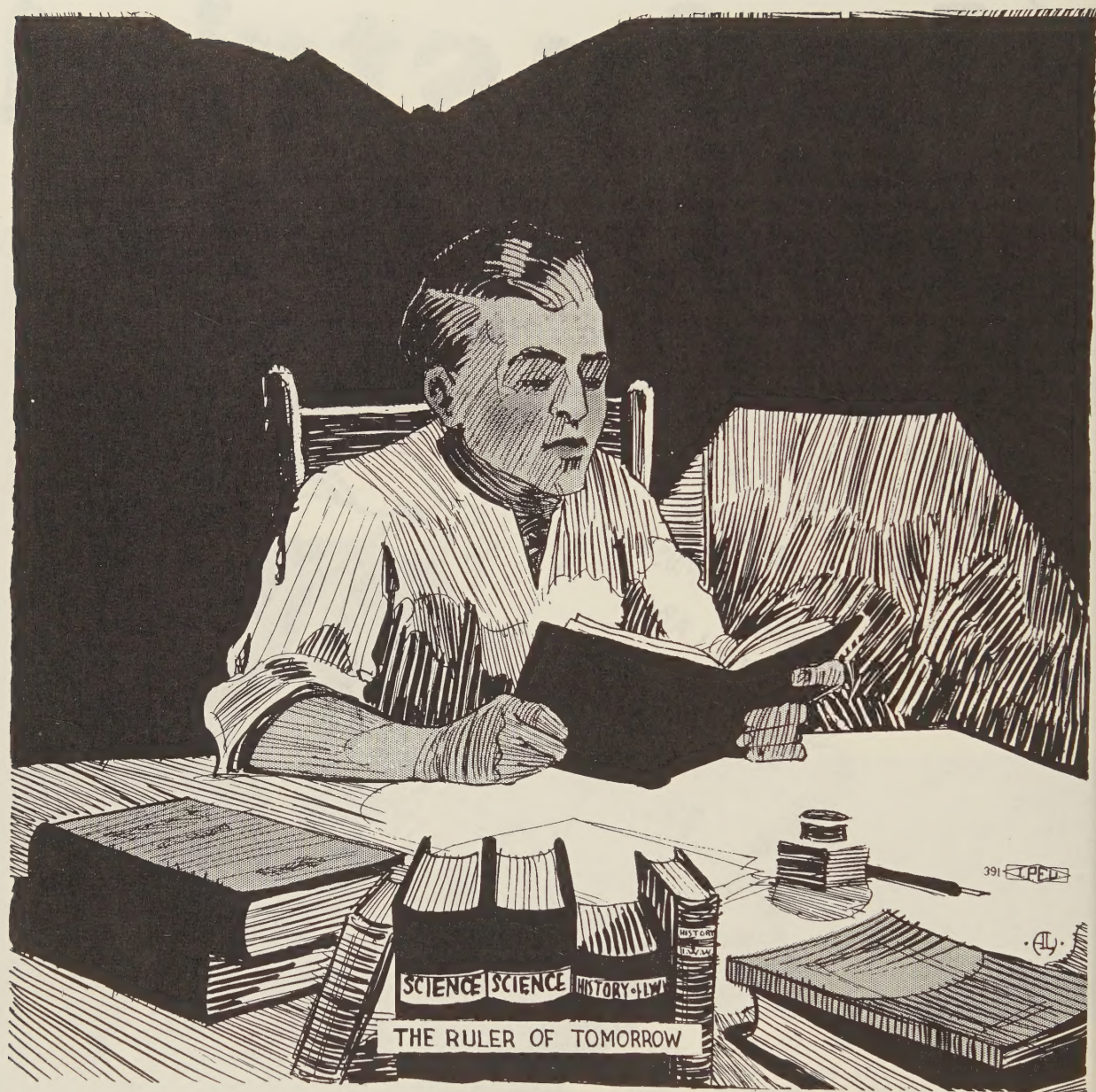
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THE COMING REVOLUTION
||| in the Printing Industry-- |||
||| in the Mining Industry. |||

What Will Result From The Ford Case?

Wobbles -- Books -- Poems -- Cartoons



Diffusion of Knowledge

(By ULISIJ J. LOTGISDEN)

As we contemplate the history of the past, the almost interminable vista of darkness during which the mass of men seemed to slumber is not the only one which arrests our attention. There flashed now and anon across the sombre firmament of ignorance, a genius, who like a meteor shooting through space, left a trace of radiance in his wake. There arose from among the multitudes, students and philosophers, scientists and dreamers, striving for knowledge, panting for truth. But their soaring minds dwelt mainly among the stars, or contemplated the mysteries of Fate and the blind forces of nature far more seriously than they did the physical powers, and the legitimate aspirations of man. They advanced theories, claimed principles, built systems which they deemed eternal, and which subsequent generations saw levelled to the ground and scattered to the winds. Once in a while fragments of the whole remained, and helped increase the small store of positive knowledge; but how infinitesimal was this when compared

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The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by Vern Smith

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EDITORIALS

PROFITS AND ORGANIZATION.—Profits, overwhelming profits, are the outstanding fact in the industrial and financial reports which all corporation are making now on their activities during last year. It was a year of sub-normal employment; and of just moderate sales. It looks a little as though the markets were being flooded.

But it was the wildest orgy of profiteering ever known in America, aside from the holy years of the war.

Normally, when capitalists are getting tremendous incomes, a few crumbs from their feast fall to the share of labor. There is usually in such times a little increase in wages, even without strikes, and a great deal more employment. But not so last year. Last year there was a little less employment than usual, and wages increased only here and there, only in the well-organized industries, and only as a result of bitterly contested strikes.

This seems to indicate the course of industry, in "good times," from now on. The enormous exploitation will surely bring a period of collapse and unemployment,

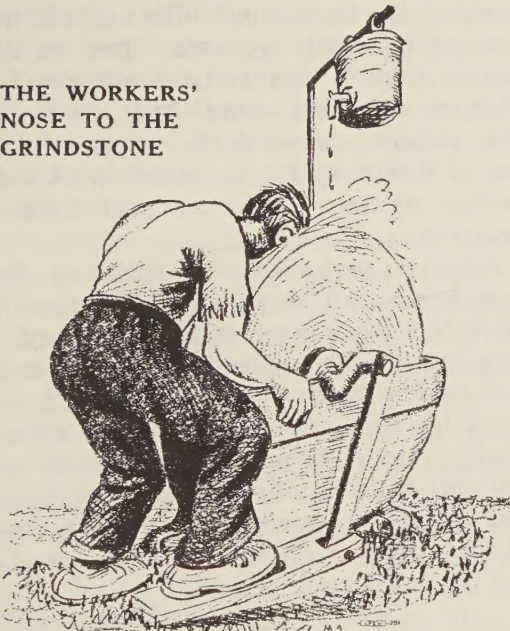
sooner or later, and this will be, naturally, followed by one of relative "good times" again. But if this present epoch of "prosperity" means anything, then even in times of prosperity, there are too many, very much too many, men for the jobs. The industrial reserve army of the unemployed is permanently larger than ever before. Wages will not go up without striking, and only well-organized strikes win much. Strikes are harder to win.

In this situation, what is left the workers but industrial unionism, the sort of unionism that has a chance to win? Have any craft unions won any strike during the last year? Only when, as in the building trades, they have operated in unison, in the whole locality, and then only in places where there is a building boom going on. Practically all the strikes that have been won have been in industries where the unions are semi-industrial at least; men's clothing workers, ladies' garment workers, Alberta miners, lumber workers—marine transport workers—where else? Notice that the Australian Seamen's Union (indus-

trial in form) won its strike, and the British Sailors' and Firemen's Union (more industrial than the I. S. U., but not enough so) lost its strike.

Industrial unionism is the only kind of unionism that can meet the new conditions, of capitalistic prosperity in the midst of workers' unemployment. And the I. W. W. is **the** industrial organization.

THE WORKERS'
NOSE TO THE
GRINDSTONE



(But Maybe It Will Sharpen His Head)

"LEFT BEHIND".—The organ of the conservative wing of the British Labor Movement, the Daily Herald of London, in a recent issue publishes a very fair, purely objective review of Gompers official biography. The title of the review is the most significant part of it: "The Sort of Labor Leader We Have Left Behind". What will this, the **right wing** of British labor say about Green, the present A. F. L. head, who is a mile to the right of Gompers? What will the rapidly growing **left wing** in England, and other countries say about the high salaried double crossers that the A. F. L. has in power? Probably the reason they haven't said much so far is because foreign unionists, right or left, cannot believe that a bunch of workingmen would be so silly as to pay up to \$25,000 per year to anybody for his services as a Judas to them. It does seem rather queer, at that. We never could understand it.



THE KING ON INDUSTRY.—The king of England is one of those ornaments which, however great the expense, capitalism has to maintain. His function becomes apparent from a glance at his twelve-minute speech at the opening of Parliament a short time ago. Says he, in effect: "The country is f:ced with a little trouble in the coal fields. A spirit of conciliation on the part of labor will make this danger pass away, and the glory of my reign will continue, untarnished. I thank you. Let Parliament continue to talk."

We do not think that many of the English workers will be fooled by this royal message, outlined, of course, by whoever is head of the organized capitalists of Great Britain at present. The time has gone by when even a king can persuade the English worker that everything is all right—just leave it to George (the Fifth) and the windbags gathered in the capitalist parliament. They have watched that parliament cringe before the threat of a nation-wide mine and transport strike, and deliver millions of pounds to pay the wages that capital had once decided to cut. They have seen the king, shining with diamonds, address his glittering lords and his not overly brilliant commons in parliament,

and talk like the secretary of an American chamber of commerce about "capital and labor getting together"—so that the industries will run along and profit continue unabated. They will realize, we hope, that they have the whip hand, if they will only use it. If they do, workers of all lands will learn from them.

KENTUCKY SAVES A NEGRO.—The governor of Kentucky swore that Ed Harris, a negro, would not be lynched, so he called out the militia and jammed the town of Frankfort with troops. Tanks rumbled up and down the streets, machine guns glared from the centers of the blocks, tear-gas drifted over the curious crowds like fog. The negro, who was supposed to be in danger of lynching, was rushed to a nearby town, regularly tried, and sentenced to death within thirteen minutes after the trial started. Going to be hanged anyway. Net cost of this big Wild West circus—about \$20,000.

Now we suspect the sincerity of everybody concerned in this whole blooming business. Probably the negro confessed under duress. There seems to have been no adequate reporting on the trial—the public was absent during its course. Certainly there doesn't have to be a whole army called out to keep a southern mob from lynching a negro. Seven men and a corporal could have done that. A handful of sheriff's deputies could have done it. There has never yet been a case where a

sheriff who was really determined to defend his prisoner ever had him taken away and lynched. All the lynchings take place with the sheriff a silent partner to the lynchers. A mob of southern gentlemen never, under any circumstances, faces any gunfire, unless there is a whole race war going on, and they fight out of fear.

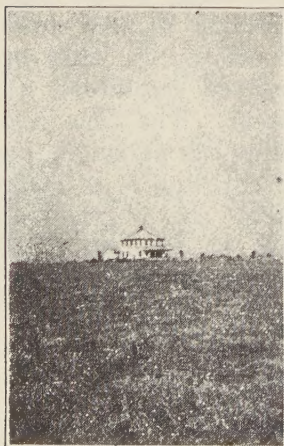
Why all this military display—tanks, tear gas, machine guns? We suspect that it might be partly hysteria. But we also suspect that it was a dress rehearsal in subduing mass picketing—that it was a little practice maneuvers to prepare the militia of Kentucky for their real work—defending profits. There are coal mines in Kentucky.

However, perhaps we are mistaken. Perhaps it was all designed to impress the "Nawthen traducahs" of the South with a deep respect for her love of law and order—to hasten the flow of capital into Southern fields, and maybe to convince all and sundry that it is really too expensive to save any negroes who ought to be lynched. Anyway we will wait and see if they go to all this trouble to legally lynch, instead of just lynch, the next negro.

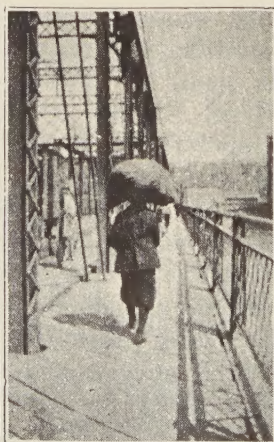
FORD IS FREE.—The noose got snarled, Busick made a mistake, the jury was not dismissed when it should have been, and all Busick's ranting about "un-American conduct in setting free this dangerous criminal," and all his sentencing to jail for contempt of court of spectators who applauded the verdict of "not guilty" will not put Richard Ford back in the shadow of the scaffold from which he has just stepped.

And now for Suhr. If Ford is, by the verdict of his second trial in Marysville, not guilty of murder—then he should not have been confined for twelve years in a California state penitentiary. And if Ford was unjustly confined there for twelve years, where, in the name of Pontius Pilate and Bloody Judge Jeffreys, does the law in California get the right to keep Suhr, his partner in crime—or innocence—in jail for still longer?

Every class-conscious worker should tell



"The Big House"—A Palace of the White Master



The Burden Bearer—The Negro Does Heavy Work

the world the facts about the case of Ford and Suhr. They were convicted in 1914 of conspiring to create a strike during which they could murder some officers of the law. The facts do not bear out this theory. There were abominable conditions on the Durst Bros. hop ranch, in Yuba county, California, and between two and three thousand hop pickers went on strike. Everybody, including a government investigating commission, agrees that they were amply justified in striking. Ford and Suhr were there, and they organized the workers for victory. They made speeches, urging them to hold out. They did not advise any violence.

The strike committee was tricked, threatened, and flouted by Durst, the employer. False warrants were issued for the arrest of the "ringleaders" of the strike—illegal warrants. Attempts were also made to arrest without warrants. Finally—the evidence of the second trial of Ford shows this, and the jury believed it—officers, friends of Durst, came and fired into the crowd, killing and maiming. In the confusion an unknown Porto Rican worker wrested a gun from one of the officers and killed two of them. It is for these killings in self-defense (they can not be called "murders") that Ford and Suhr were convicted; it is on this flimsy case of "conspiracy to kill" that Ford was recently retried for his life, and that Suhr is still held in prison, after twelve years. The acquittal of Ford should bring the release of Suhr—but it won't unless Labor makes its voice heard in no uncertain tones, demanding this release. The readers of this magazine are all workers, let them take this cause to heart, and line up with the I. W. W. in its efforts to free Herman Suhr.

A RELEASE IN SIGHT?—The courageous attitude and the manly determination to stick to their principles in the face of the most outrageous persecution, shown by the members of the I. W. W. in San Quentin Prison has done something more than to force a grudging note of admiration from some sections of the press in California. It has convinced a considerable part of the

populace, including some articulate parts (possessing newspapers) that such persecution is useless. If it doesn't accomplish what it is intended to accomplish, if it doesn't break the spirit of the I. W. W.—what is the use of it? Why the expense, and the ignominy of keeping brave men in jail for a political offense? So they reason.

Here is a typical editorial statement; this one is from the Los Angeles Record.

"You can't imprison ideas. Since the dawn of man's civilization it has been tried and it has always failed. Now California is just learning the old, old lesson for itself.

"It has just been learned that of the 60 I. W. W. prisoners in San Quentin 50 are eligible to apply for parole, but have refused. A score are in solitary for having struck against alleged discrimination of the prison authorities against their fellows. All are willing to undergo further hardships rather than forswear their beliefs in industrial unionism. Their leader estimates that of the 150 original wobbly convicts only 12 per cent have taken parole in place of what they are demanding—full pardon.

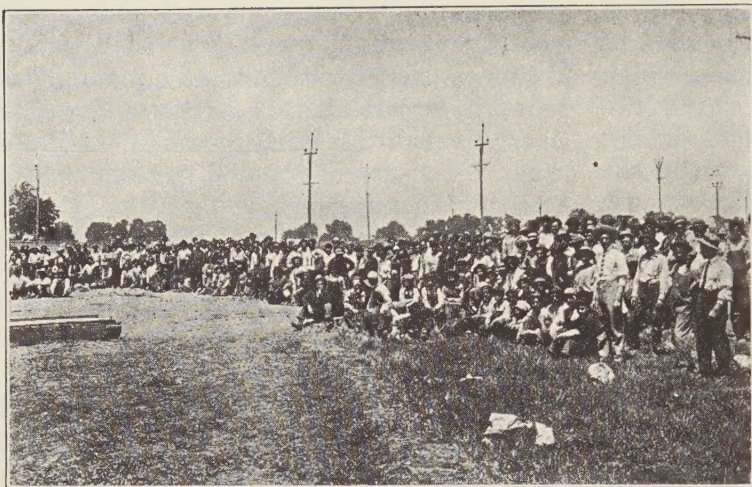
" 'Wrong opinions should be met only by fair discussion,' says Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford sage, neither a 'red' nor a 'pink'.

" 'To put them down by force or terrorism or by special legislation is a policy more dangerous than any expression of opinion can be.'

"Not only dangerous, but futile and humiliating for a land as big and impregnable as ours to jail its radical thinkers for their radical **thoughts**.

"If California is wise it will release its political prisoners and repeal its war-born, hysterical criminal syndicalism law."

The statement that "our" land is so "big and impregnable" to radical thinkers that they are harmless, is, of course, what the psychologists call "rationalizing," or what common sense calls, "making a virtue out of necessity". We don't care what excuse the bourgeoisie gives itself for giving up the criminal syndicalism persecution. The important thing is that they are realizing in California that it is ineffective.



HOP PICKERS LISTENING TO SPEAKERS ON DURST'S RANCH, Aug. 3, 1913
(The Shooting Started Shortly After This Picture Was Taken)

One of the grievances which had brought on the strike was the fact that the hop vines were trained up on high poles, and there were no special men hired to pull them down or pick the high hop vines. Women and children were not able to do this hard work, and the high wall of vines made the hop fields an inferno of heat by breaking any cool breeze that might start up.



HOP PICKERS LINED UP ALONG ROADWAY ON DURST'S RANCH
WHEATLAND



HOP PICKERS, WAITING FOR MEETING TO START, August 3, 1913

The crowd of strikers which was being addressed by Richard Ford at the time of the Wheatland Hop Field's massacre was most orderly and inoffensive. They were sitting and standing around on the ground, packed closely together, men, women and children of twenty-six different nationalities — not armed in any way, for Ford had requested any who had guns to leave them at home.

Hop pickers are migratory or semi-migratory workers, who have to make a living in the blazing central valleys of California by rushing from one district to another, following the varied crops as they ripen. For the rich ranchers they are just so much human power, to be used once a year and driven away, with no more expense than can be helped. The I. W. W. is the pickers' great hope.

"And so ends another chapter in that book, 'The Crime of a Decade'. The story of how a money-hungry hop rancher conspired to drive workers to despair; of how he attempted to enforce something even lower than peonage and in so doing caused five innocent men to be killed; of how he did not stop there, but went so far as to send two innocent men to prison with a life sentence as their due; of whom one returned after twelve years and proved to the world they were innocent. We found in the opening chapter that the story began on Sunday, August third, and now with our last page turned we learn that one man is given half freedom on Sunday, January 24th. With that thought in mind may we hope that before many more Sundays have passed into oblivion the workers who read these pages will have arisen and asserted themselves in no uncertain terms, to the end that Richard Ford and Herman Suhr will both be granted full and complete pardons by the governor of the State of California."—AUTHOR.

Justice Triumphant



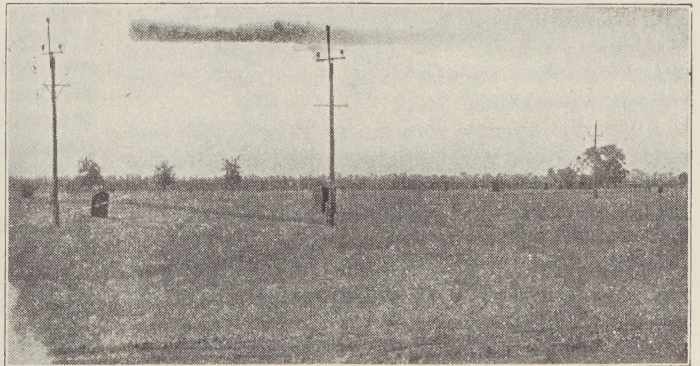
The Story of the Second Ford Trial

By A SPECTATOR

Hop Ranchers' Gun Men Guarding What Was Left of the Hop Pickers on Durst Brothers' Ranch, Aug. 4, 1913, the Day After the Shooting

IN her own temples and with her own high priests officiating at the altars, "California Justice" has been publicly shamed. The acquittal of Richard Ford, in Marysville, on January 24th, clearly vindicated the I. W. W. and rendered a smashing rebuke to that which, for more than a decade, has masqueraded under the name of Justice in the "Golden State" whenever a class-conscious worker has been on trial.

To understand this story, you must go back to the sultry days of August, 1913. You must picture to yourself some twenty-eight hundred pickers camped in a field on the hop ranch of Durst Brothers, just outside the town of Wheatland, California. Men, women and children; Americans, Syrians, Japanese, Mexicans, and every other nationality that made up the migratory working class of the great interior valley of California, had gathered there. They had come to work, lured by advertisements scattered broadcast; but the first thing they found was that there was only work enough for half their number. They were there to



The Barren Field Where the Hop Pickers Were Camped on Durst Brothers' Ranch at Wheatland

make money; but they learned that the wages were to be lower than had been advertised and that the standards of picking were such as had never before been enforced upon a California hop ranch.

Worse still, the sanitary conditions were most inadequate and revolting. The wells which supplied water were pumped dry before the campers could all be supplied. In the hop yards themselves, there were no toilets at all for either men or women; water could be obtained only by purchasing an unpalatable dish of "stew" from a concessionary of the Durst Brothers or by purchasing "lemonade" made of citric acid from a nephew of the owners of the ranch.

The inevitable happened—the pickers met, formulated demands for higher wages and better conditions, and presented them to Ralph Durst, manager of the ranch. Durst met them with evasions; and was given additional time to consider. When, at the expiration of this time, Ford, as chairman of the hop pickers' committee, requested a definite answer, Durst struck him across the face with a heavy pair of gloves; and the local constable, gun in sight, ordered him off the place and threatened to arrest him. The hop pickers decided to strike if their demands were not granted. The day was Sunday, so the strike had not actually begun.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, Ralph Durst, District Attorney Manwell, Sheriff George H. Voss and a posse of would-be gun men that had been hastily summoned from the saloons of Marysville, drove into the hop pickers' camp in two automobiles. The constable who had ordered Ford off the premises earlier in the day, possessed two warrants of doubtful legality. As they approached the great assemblage of pickers, the bench upon which Ford and others stood gave way with a loud crash. The crash was too much for the nerves of Henry Dakin, one of the impromptu deputy sheriffs. He fired a shotgun twice over the heads of the crowd.

It is safe to say that no one knows just what happened next. In less time almost than it takes to write it, the crowd scattered. Lying dead on the ground were District Attorney E. T. Manwell, Deputy Sheriff Riordan, an unknown member of the crowd, who is referred to as "The Porto Rican," and a young English boy, who had been in the act of carrying a bucket of water. In addition, Sheriff Voss, Constable Anderson and one of the strikers were badly wounded.

All of the officers were armed. Testimony later brought out in the trials proved that none of the workers were armed with the exception of the Porto Rican, who is said to have got a gun by disarming an officer after the shooting started.

Within a few days, many of the pickers were arrested; and in January, 1914, four of them, Ford, Suhr, Beck and Bagen were placed on trial for their lives, charged with the murder of District Attorney Manwell. Beck and Bagen were acquitted; Ford and Suhr were found guilty of murder in the second degree, with a recommendation for leniency. Both

were sentenced to Folsom Prison for life by Judge E. P. McDaniel.

More than eleven years later, on September 11, 1925, Ford was paroled. The conditions of his parole were that he should go to Long Branch, Washington, where employment had been secured for him, and remain there, with the usual restrictions as to reporting to the California State Parole Officer.

Following the shooting of 1913, Ray Manwell, son of the deceased district attorney, was elected to the office which his father had held. His election was not brought about because of his legal ability, but out of public pity for the untimely death of his father. A call for such sympathy has been his principal stock in trade since then. However, a course of riotous living, which has become matter of public scandal, has threatened to undermine his position. He thought that if he could try Ford again he would regain the favor of the public.

Judge E. P. McDaniels, who had presided at the trial of Ford and Suhr, still occupies the Superior bench of Yuba County. This loquacious jurist—who has a habit of discussing all cases that come before him not only with every chance visitor to his chambers, but also with the town loafers at the cigar stand—had early won political preferment in his rural community by his hearty interest in race horses. A few years ago he sold his last horses; and his mind, in search for something to dwell upon, centered on the Ford case. It became a passion with him and all who disagreed with his views were immediately classed as being unintelligent.

Ford Released from Prison

As Ford stepped from the gates of the old gray prison, he was met by the sheriff of Yuba County with a warrant for his arrest on the charge of murdering Deputy Sheriff Riordan. He was immediately taken to the county jail at Marysville.

The grand jury, at Manwell's request, returned an indictment, charging him with the murder of Eugene Riordan on August 3, 1913. Judge McDaniel had disqualified himself, so he could not try the man. Governor Richardson appointed Judge Charles O. Busick, of Sacramento, to sit upon the case.

Judge Busick is an honest God fearing man, according to California standards. He hates not only all criminals, but all who are accused of crime. If the accused chances to be a member of a labor union, the judicial hatred is increased manyfold. If he chances to be a member of the I. W. W. the judicial wrath knows no bounds. Ten years ago, his injunction against the Motion Picture Operators' Union of Sacramento marked him out as a foe to organized labor. His anti-I. W. W. injunction, in 1923, spread his reputation to all lands where injustice is abhorred. His achievements in the case of Tom Connors, as judge, and witness for the prosecution at the same time, won for him the title of "The California Pooh Bah." It was altogether

(Continued on Page 28)

Coming Revolution in the Printing Industry

By CIVIL ENGINEER

EVER since the discovery of movable type carved by hand out of blocks of wood, printed matter in quantities has sold for much less than manuscript copies. After this first stage, metal type was substituted for wooden and the printing press was improved as a mechanical contrivance. This was the handicraft stage of printing—moveable type and handpress.

The next steps were the linotype and monotype machines. They gave us more efficient methods of setting type, but affected the printing press only indirectly. The press still used outside motive power in a limited degree only.

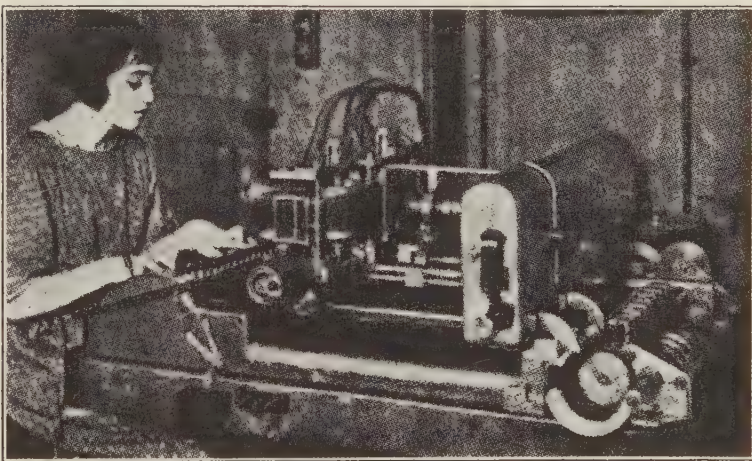
But from then on, inventors began to look for a yet more efficient method of cheapening the cost of the operation of printing and of increasing its speed. By common agreement, most of these attempts were connected with the art of photography. The general idea was to write something on a piece of paper and then reproduce it to an unlimited number of copies by a photographic process.

The invention of typewriting gave these informal groupings a powerful impulse. A typewritten page can be more easily read than a handwritten one, so the practicability of the desired invention dwindled down to the elaboration of a process capable of printing photographic copies of a typewritten negative cheaper and faster than the printing press could do the work.

Some fifteen years ago, an American patent was issued to an inventor who claimed to have solved the problem. It did not meet with success. The truth of the matter seems to be that economic reasons interfered with the commercial success of the invention. The printing industry awakened by the threatened danger to its equipment fought hard to kill further experimental work and for a while, the matter was left in abeyance.

That it was not so much of a failure as the printing industry claimed, was proved, in 1919, when an outlaw strike of the workers in the printing trades took place in New York City and some of the country's leading magazines were unable to appear on the newsstands at the usual time.

In October 1919, the Literary Digest resurrected the discarded process and used it a short time. The



THE LINOTYPER'S LATEST ENEMY
New Photo-Engraving Camera

pages were harder to read than ordinary printed matter and the number of words per square inch was far less than that of ordinary type. The lines were not evenly spaced in length as now. These features assumed a considerable importance.

When the strike was settled, the new method was again discarded but inventors kept up their studies of the relatively simple problem of quantity production of photographic prints and recently Messrs. J. R. C. August and E. K. Hunter of Walworth, England, have announced the perfection of an improved process which, if it meets the practical tests of speed and cheapness, bids fair to reduce the marvelous linotype machine to the rank of a curiosity to be displayed in a glass case in some museum of archeology.

It is said the new machine does away with metal type by substituting therefore a sensitive film upon which the typewritten lines have been photographed. For obvious reasons, the inventors have not published the details of their discovery but the main features of the new machine are known.

The machine itself is a combination into one apparatus of a typewriter, a camera and a reproducing machine embodying certain features not unlike those of process engraving.

The operator works at a keyboard similar to that.

of a typewriter. The writing acts as a master film and is projected as fast as type on a sensitized photographic film base. The projection is then rapidly photographed by an exposure of a fraction of a second. The next operation consists in the development of the photographic plate which gives the equivalent of the "set-up material" or the type-line of the composing machine. It is, in reality, a photographic film bearing an image of the subject-matter to be printed and is somewhat similar to the stage reached by the process engraver when he obtains a negative by photographing an original.

From now on, printing proper is a very simple matter and may be done in a dozen different ways, by line-block for letter-press printing, by direct litho, by photographic processes from plate or stone or by the offset photo-litho throughout.

Technical Advantages

The main advantage of the process resides in the fact that it permits printing in an almost endless variety of type without the use of metal type for each different class of lettering desired. By adjusting the focus of the projecting lens, the original writing of the typewriter may be distorted into a bewildering variety of lettering and this operation is completely automatic.

As a matter of fact, type-metal is completely eliminated. It is claimed that one spool of film, two inches in diameter and three inches wide is equivalent to 2,700 fonts. A font is a complete set of type.

By connecting this new machine with a radio broadcasting set, the composition made at a central point can be immediately transferred automatically to any desired point by the tele-photo process already in existence.

The complexity of the many possible material advantages which can be derived from the main process may be grasped from the fact that it took no less than seventy different patents to cover them all in one single country.

The Cultural Incidence

Printing was one of the greatest conquests of human ingenuity. The new invention if successful, cannot fail, even under capitalistic conditions of ownership, to cheapen the cost of printing and, in the measure that it does this, it will duplicate the huge advantages which the world of thought and ideas has been able to derive from the previous invention of movable type and the printing press.

Possible Economic Results

From the point of view of the employers, the process is bound to lead to a considerable reduction of the cost of printing. The composing rooms of the future, instead of occupying a large amount of floor space covered with costly machines, will consist of offices of a small fraction of the present size housing only the camera compositors. Millions will be saved inasmuch as the bulk of the composing plants of today will become unnecessary.

An editor, with a few notes at hand, will be able to write and print his article in a hundred different places at the same time, and at one single operation.

A terrible blow will be struck at the press associations, those systematic poisoners of public information for the new process will completely eliminate the necessity of telegraphic news transmission, the nefarious monopoly of lying enjoyed today by the ruling class at the expense of the downtrodden class of wage-slaves victimized by the present system.

From the point of view of the workers, let us rapidly figure out the quantity of labor which is either reduced or completely eliminated by the new process.

The copy-boy becomes two-thirds useless.

On the basis of the comparative speed of the typewriter and the linotype, the number of camera-typewriters will be at most one half of the present number of linotype operators.

There is no further use for stereotypers.

Typefounders, as a trade, disappear.

There may be a small increase in the number of photo-engravers and lithographers.

The manufacture of the new machine does not involve one half of the mechanical complexity of the present linotype thus entailing an elimination of part of the machinist's labor required.

Are the Workers Ready?

As in the case of every form of technological progress, private ownership will probably, at the start, prevent the new invention from becoming general in its use, at least until the machinery in place wears out and has to be scrapped. Employers' organization in the printing trades is too well developed and too complete to permit the hope that competition alone will boost the new invention immediately into general use. The introduction of the new process will take place in such a measure as the individual owners will allow it and their will in the matter shall rule supreme because their organization is inclusive of the whole of the industry and possesses therefore a degree of efficiency which will enable it to impose its decisions upon society as a whole.

The consumer of printed matter may not share fairly in the savings of the process under a system of private ownership. He will get something, as much or as little as the private owners will choose to dole out to him. Once more it is demonstrated, in this particular instance, that the logical corollary of every form of technological progress, in the direction of complete automatism in production, is collectivism or social ownership of the mechanized tools. In the absence of this social and economic necessary consequence, the new invention will mainly increase the wealth, and the power of the controlling financial oligarchy and its hirelings.

The capacity of the workers to handle a new invention, that is, to shape matters during the period of transition from the existing to the new

(Continued on Page 25)



PORT ARTHUR LABOR TEMPLE

Owned Co-operatively By the I. W. W. Members There

Training for Freedom

By J. A. McDONALD

THE I. W. W. differs from all other radical organizations in the fact that it plans not merely for the overthrow of the capitalist system, but also intends to use the same industrial unionism, the rise of which means the downfall of capitalism, as the basis of the future industrial society. As the preamble states, by organizing industrially "we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

But there will be more than work in the future society, in fact with the solution of the struggle for food, the brute struggle which has been the great portion of the history of the past, man will be given the opportunity to think thoughts unconnected with the stomach urges. New art, new drama, new poetry will arise when man at last is free. Relieved from the trammels of the struggle for food, which the machinery of today makes unnecessary except as the workers are refused access to those machines, man will blossom forth into countless forms of endeavor for the satisfaction of his higher nature.

Even within the shell of the old society, the I. W. W. is forming more than industrial unions, it is also forming the structure of new artistic conceptions, a new drama not of the counting house, and a morality which knows nothing of the trammels of capitalism.

Nearly a week spent in the headquarters of the I. W. W., in Port Arthur has emphasized this for me. The activities of our Finnish membership here is a lesson on building the new society right now. The big house with three floors, two halls, a director of dramatic art, a community restaurant, three different athletic clubs, one for the men, one for women, and the third for children, and countless other activities is a social center that although it is in the middle of capitalism is yet more in line with the new society than with the old.

In March of 1920, nearly three hundred Finnish workers got together and decided that they needed a center of agitation for industrial unionism, a center of social life, a revolutionary community center. They bought a hall three stories high, a big brick block costing approximately \$30,000. They did not have the money to pay for it, but they

were able to collect enough to handle the deal. Everyone got busy in that same way which has made possible the ownership of the daily paper **Industrialisti**, the Work People's College, and the magazines and publications now printed by the I. W. W. in the Finnish language.

One of the activities started then, was a community restaurant. At first those who were to eat there took stock. Since that time every one of



SCENE FROM "KATJA, THE DANCER"

Finnish Opera Sung By I. W. W. Workers in Their Own Theatre at Port Arthur, Canada

these stockholders have been paid off, and today I am informed that this is the only restaurant in America that is owned exclusively by those who eat there. At the present time some one hundred eat there at each meal. There is a manager elected by the patrons of the restaurant, and in the spring and summer when the men are in from the camps, there are two hundred or more eating at this restaurant regularly.

During the last year the price of meals was twenty cents. At the present this has been raised to twenty-five cents. Each meal is served for two hours, and there is in addition a long coffee table with a large variety of cakes where between the meal hours those who wish can have a lunch for fifteen cents. There is a greater variety of food served, and a far better service than one can find at almost any other boarding house. The arrangement is that when there is more than five thousand dollars in the bank to the credit of the restaurant, the prices are lowered, and then raised when the money on hand is spent. The persons eating at the restaurant have a board of directors, and these and the manager, **Nick Viita**, the stationary delegate of the I. W. W., are in charge of the management; subject at all times to the wishes of the rank and file.

There is a notice over the door of the kitchen. It is probably to keep out, but as I cannot read Finnish, I have been in the kitchen on numerous occasions. A sanitary inspector would enjoy the scrupulous cleanliness there unless he hated to make comparisons invidious to the average capitalistic boarding house.

The waitresses are all members of the I. W. W. The cook, or rather one of the cooks, is a woman who has served over a year in jail in Finland during that period when German cannons were drowning the aspiration of the workers at that country in blood. Some of the waitresses also took part on the side of the workers in this conflict, which is not ended and will not be until the workers everywhere are free. These waitresses are more than that. One of them is the greatest dramatic artist I have seen for many years on any stage—an opera star singing in a language that is alien to most of the people of America, singing the songs of the workers with an art with a soul.

On a table in one corner of the restaurant is to be found all the Finnish literature of the I. W. W. and the English papers and magazines of the movement.

Up stairs is the main floor of the hall. There are two cloak rooms on the left of one as he enters, and the lavatories. On the other side is the refreshment room during the many dances that are held. Immediately in front of one is the entrance to the main hall. Entering this one finds a dancing floor in perfect condition. It is hardwood like all the floors of the building and the opera chairs are piled up in rows in the corners. There is a large gallery, and a stage with all the equipments that are needed,

including properties and scenery. At the Christmas dance there were over a thousand tickets sold at the booth outside the door. During the time I have been here this hall has been occupied every night, and always filled.

Two dances are held each week in this hall. Then there are concerts given by the membership for the public. The Port Arthur paper referring to these concerts said that the vocal talent of the singers here was such that local choral societies might have to look to their laurels if the Finnish people went in seriously for organized choral work. They have gone into it seriously for the love of music, not seriously for the love of money, and when one wants to hear the best in music, he comes to the concerts given here. This is merely stating a fact which practically every music lover at the head of the Great Lakes knows.

During the day some groups are doing gymnasium work in the theater portion of the hall. The organization has a director of music under way, and there is a band, two in fact, an orchestra and other practice in instrumental music is carried forward at stated periods. The children also have an orchestra.

The dramatic director, **L. Horth**, contralto singer, is an actor with long experience on the Finnish stage. His wife, also an experienced actor, adds much to the presentation of the plays which are given every few weeks—sometimes oftener.

On Saturday night the opera, "Katja, the Dancer" was given here. I did not understand one word of the entire play, but so good was the acting, that there was none of the story missed me. I had the same feeling that I had when I saw the Russian dramas given in the United States and parts of Canada a few years ago. Here was an art that did not require words to be expressive and to hold attention. **Miss H. Aaltonen**, who took the part of Katja the dancer, was delightful in the way in which she played her part, and in the rich timbre of her soprano voice. And supporting her was a cast and chorus that would be able to expose most of the players on the regular stage at the present time. The opera as it was rendered here did high credit to the director and his talented wife, and to the material he had here to develop.

The various activities here are so great, and the practicing for events, musical, dramatic, athletic or agitational so continuous that there are two meeting halls, the theater as it might best be called from its arrangement, and its complete equipment, and another hall on the third floor of the building which seats some three hundred.

The lesson of Port Arthur, the thing that has impressed me above all others here, is that if three hundred can through organization and endeavor form such a revolutionary center not only of I. W. W. organization on the job, but also of art, and thought and social life, under capitalism, what can not the workers do when they are free to give expression to all that there is within them of thought and emotion in a free society?

Says Card No. 112357, the author of the article below, "I have never read a half true account about Leadville and have often wanted the facts compiled by the workers—so finally I attempted it myself, and found I could have written much more, if it were not for the fact that an article must not be too long for the worker's press."

This fellow worker has found out just what the editor of Industrial Pioneer has always been saying—that workers are perfectly capable of describing the industries in which they work, and of doing it from the working class point of view. In fact they are the only ones who can do it. The more of such articles as this that are written for Industrial Pioneer, the better satisfied everybody is.

A Famous Mining Camp

(By CARD No. 112357)

Invention has gone forward a step, and by means of a newly improved "floatation process," the low grade lead and zinc ore bodies of the Southwest are again regarded by many capitalists as the scene where much labor is to be profitably exploited in the near future. The territory around Leadville, Colorado, is rich in vast quantities of complex sulphide lead and zinc ores, suitable to proper floatation but so far unworked or piled in waste dumps while the historic battles between labor and capital raged over the mines of higher grade minerals, now nearly exhausted.

The possibility of awakening this industry from its present rather quiescent stage, makes it important, from the workers' point of view, to learn again here from the experiences of the past, for capital is still as ruthless and as greedy as ever, and workers as much in need.

During the onward march of progress, amid great eras, construction, the expansion of industries and the building of modern cities, attention is focused upon the phenomena of the present, while the older and once famous places and events are lost sight of and drop from memory in the minds of men.

The famous mining camp of Leadville, Colorado, with its past history and present status is not known to the present generation of men, therefore the facts in this story will be of value from the viewpoint of Labor.

Many accounts and tales of early day events have been written and published by bourgeois journalists, news writers and poets, but the present writer has never yet read the history of Leadville from the standpoint of the worker. He has lived in the camp many years, and has worked in its mines and smelters and on the railroads, therefore he is qualified to give Labor's version of its history.

The site of Leadville is picturesque in the extreme; it lies in an elevated basin (10,153 feet altitude; it is called "The Cloud City"), between the main range of the Rocky Mountains to the west and a parallel spur to the east, known as Mosquito Range. Between these two ranges and a few miles below Leadville lies a broad valley through which courses the Arkansas River, the source being 12 miles distant.

At right angles to, and running westward from Mosquito Range, are several deep gulches, and in the hills between them lie the main mineral treasure

chests. This area is but 10 square miles, yet 40,000 mineral claims have been located on it and it is known as The Leadville Mining District.

As early as 1860 emigrants in covered wagons were pushing their way up the Valley of the Arkansas; prospectors and miners were panning the stream beds of the intersecting gulches for their alluvial deposits.

Gold in abundance was struck in one of these gulches (near the present site of Leadville) and it was called "California Gulch," for it rivaled the findings in the great gold rush of California in 1849.

Thousands of pioneers and fortune seekers panned the gulches around this region and after the "diggings" seemed worked out they moved on, leaving a few prospectors in Oro City at the head of California Gulch.

In the subsequent years the hills were prospected and there followed a second strike about 1878; this time it was rich silver—lead carbonate ore found "at grass roots."

A camp was established and given the name "Leadville," or "The Carbonate Camp," and from a few hundred people in the spring of 1879 the population grew to 60,000 at the end of the year.

People from all corners of the earth came to this bonanza camp. With pick and shovel, with windlass and bucket, wagon loads of rich carbonate ore were dug and hauled by "bull team" to Colorado Springs, Colo. One such load sold for \$30,000.

Fortunes were made in a few weeks—what

scenes and activities are related! Never before nor since in the history of mining camps was this period equaled.

No railroads within 150 miles and but one single telegraph wire connecting with the outside cities! Travel and transportation was by stage coach, bull teams and covered wagons. Here was a condition where for once all had equal opportunity; with but few exceptions men worked for themselves or as co-partners, and their product was **their own**.

Now, take note what followed! Financiers, brokers, **capitalists** came with a rush; syndicates were formed; companies were founded; claims were sold and resold—and stolen. Smelters were erected; mine machinery was hauled in and placed on properties, and as early as the year 1880 the camp witnessed a **great labor strike**—8,000 miners downed tools and demanded **more wages and better working conditions!**

The strike was effective; picketing prevented the importation of **strike breakers** and the miners showed a spirit of solidarity. Victory for the workers seemed near.

The mine operators and business men of the town organized what they called "A Committee of Safety"—"Vigilantes" would be a more correct name.

Arms and ammunition were brought into the camp and thousands were armed by this class in opposition to the miners who paraded the streets to show their **Union strength**. Spies and agents, provocateurs were placed among the strikers to stir up trouble, and as a last resort Leadville was put under a military siege; the militia encamped here for months. This broke the morale of most strikers and they soon returned to the mines and went back to work—defeated.

Again in 1896 the miners pitted their union strength against their masters; strike breaking followed; pitched battles ensued; trouble makers and traitors infested the ranks of the workers; conspiracy again brought the militia, the ready **tools** of capitalism, and again the miners' strike was lost.

In the years since then a few demands have been made by the workers of the district, but lack of the right kind of organization blocked their efforts, and nothing of importance was gained, so today there is no union of the miners or smeltermen here.

Since 1879 concentration of mining and smelter wealth has gone on apace. The mineral claims once owned by the prospectors and miners are now in the hands of corporate mining interests; the early day "independent" smelters have all ceased to operate. The Guggenheim Smelter Syndicate dominate the field; their plant at Leadville used to employ 3,000 workers; today owing to the mechanized processes, 900 tons of ore per day are put through its furnaces by a force of only 450 men, of whom 80 per cent are low-paid Mexican labor; the wages are \$2.70 low and \$5 high. This smelter combine had \$12,000,000 earnings in 1924.

From the Leadville hills and gulches has been

dug the fabulous sum of \$500,000,000 worth of metal!—few mining camps have this production record.

The oxide ore at shallow depth was first mined, then sulphide ore deposits at greater depth were encountered and mined; the area of mineralization has been extended for miles and the geology of the camp has long been charted and studied.

Here are ore bodies of millions of tons; the hills are filled with mineral resources; gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper, iron, manganese, etc. The ores are complex and need separation, concentration, and smelting. The metallurgical processes have been solved and from these resources will be dug the metals for future generations, such is the extent of mineral wealth.

At present the population is not above 4,000, and Leadville is but the ghost of former years. The scenes have changed greatly; the hills once teeming with activity now seem deserted; hundreds of mine dumps and shaft houses and numerous smelter dumps stand as mute evidence of former life.

The landscape, once covered with evergreen Jack Pines and wild flowers and berries, is now almost barren. Civilization and poisonous smelter fumes killed off all nearby vegetation.

The gulches show great rock heaps from placer mining; old "Mother Earth" shows deep scars; mankind has often made desolate Nature's beauty.

Not a paved street can Leadville boast! Its single walks are wooden boards, showing the wear of years, loose and rickety.

Hundreds of structures have been wrecked the last few years and the materials shipped to other points in the state for construction purposes. Scores of houses are still vacant and in a state of decay.

Few homes are modern, a sewer system serves but a small portion of the town, and the populace still empty ashes in the streets and drain waste water into the gutters.

In former years the smelting processes gave lead poisoning to the workers; the young, brawny Italian and Austrian laborers fresh from their native homes met their fate in a short time. This industrial disease or poisoning would wreck and twist their bodies, and send them to an early grave.

Human labor was a cheap commodity due to a plentiful supply—nothing was done to conserve it—no protective measures or devices were provided. Today things are better, but still detrimental to the workers' health. The class of labor has changed with the years; Mexican labor now replaces that of Europeans.

The wage scale is as follows: Miners (machine men), \$4.50 to \$5 per 8 hours; muckers (helpers, etc.), \$4 to \$4.50 for 8 hours; pumpers, engineers, mechanics, \$5 for 8 hours. This wage scale is from \$1 to \$2 lower per shift than in many other mining camps; conditions in these holes are generally poor and real bad in some of the mines, as there is no forced ventilation with blowers or suction fans.

Some shafts are 1,300 feet deep and the air is so poor a match will not light and carbide lamps burn dim.

The mining syndicate that owns and operates the Greenback Mine (one of the largest producers in the Leadville district) boast of a \$17,000,000 reserve fund, yet will not install a ventilating system to furnish oxygen for the underground workers. There is a state mine inspector for Colorado, too; he has a nice office in Denver, but he should hang his head in shame—however, **we know** what all inspections amount to when fostered by the employer.

When all facts are compiled and the evidence given, a charge will be made against the system that wrecks men's lives, robs them of the products of their toil and sentences their wives and children to drudgery, defaces and ruins nature's beauty spots in the quest for profits!

Leadville becomes more intimate when the fact is shown that the foundation wealth of not a few great fortunes was made here. From 1880 to 1890 the Guggenheim Syndicate made wealth that built the smelter at Pueblo, Colo., and extended operations into old Mexico, then up into British Columbia and Alaska.

The estates of many Colorado families owe their wealth to Leadville's hills and workers; rich residents in many other places owe their status to the same source.

The building of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad up the Arkansas Valley to Leadville and eventually beyond and over the Continental Divide, down the western slope of the Rockies and on to Salt Lake City was due to the rich ores from Leadville and the supplies into the camp assuring plenty of tonnage at a high rate per ton (\$10 to \$15).

It might be of some interest to know that the Santa Fe Railroad and the Denver and Rio Grande interests had open warfare to determine which could claim the Grand Canyon Route (the famous "Royal Gorge"). Cannons were placed on the rim of the canyon to hold the "grab." Such are the **peaceful and lawful** methods of Capitalism!

Leadville territory, the scenic region of the Rockies, is the water shed for the valley below. This county (Lake County) derived its name from the many lakes in its hills, some of which are large bodies of water and the meccas for campers and fishermen. Twin Lakes, a beauty spot beyond compare, is situated a few miles from Leadville. It was the annual camping grounds for the Ute Indian Tribe, who made regular pilgrimages to its shores, and Leadville hills and environs were their hunting grounds, before the white settlers came, after which, the Red Men lost out.

The automobile tourists, wishing to see the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, will soon be shunted through this country; its scenic beauty will captivate the eye, and its camping grounds will be long remembered.

Do not for a moment think, though, that natural beauty is what we rely upon to bring Leadville

back on the industrial map. The reason why the hills will soon be riddled as never before, is a human invention, the process by which certain ores, difficult to separate on "tables" (that is by the method of shaking and washing the broken rock, to catch the lead and zinc when it sinks) are now to be made use of by floating the metal (lead, too, however heavy) up away from the ordinary rock on small bubbles of oil, which is mixed with other substances, and churned around with the ground-up rock dust that contains metal. Up to recent times the floatation scheme was not perfected in a form that would work exactly well on the particular ores around Leadville, though it was used elsewhere. Now this difficulty has been removed, and there will surely set in a long, continuous revival of industry in this town; not immediately, but as the new mills for grinding and floating the minerals are created.

A large new floatation mill is about completed and ready to start in a few days—its successful efforts will be followed by the building of more mills to treat the complex sulphide ores of which there is a vast tonnage. So, if delegates remember this, we will be abreast of the times and when the workers come into Colorado's mining districts—the Industrial Union propaganda will give them basic facts.

Today, however, Leadville reminds one of a man who has been robbed and stripped of his wealth, left in dire need! Of the many who gathered the riches from its hills few have left any improvements.

A late senator from this district has erected a statue of the noble "Burro"—the prospectors' pal—but this statute graces Washington, D. C., not historic Leadville!

Of the many brave hearts and spirits that once lived here, few remain—the present workers seem doped and submit to standards and wages scarcely above the level of Asiatics. Perhaps their particular brand of religion or the "white mule beverages" lull them to sleep, but whatever the reason may be—**shame on labor of this caliber**—it goes down to early graves—**unhonored and unsung!**

Come to Leadville, you rebel workers! Mexican fellow-workers have much to do here in the way of education and organization, so that these workers can demand more than \$2.70 for their labor power. These Mexican men should get inspiration from the solidarity and recent gains made by their fellows down in Tampico and in Mexico throughout.

Poets have penned the grandeur of these hoary old mountains—have pictured the shady nooks.

I have mentioned the exploits of rapacious capitalism—the arch-enemy of all who toil, the stealer of wealth and the instigator of crime.

Labor has suffered ignominious defeat before this monster—but in its struggles and experiences labor is learning how to fight intelligently and is organizing its members under the plan and structure of Industrial Unionism and will some day march to victory against the class and the system that takes the products of its toil.

All Honor to the Communards!



GALLIFET SELECTS HIS VICTIMS

"The column of prisoners halted in the Avenue Uhrich, and was drawn up, four or five deep, on the footway facing to the road. General Marquis de Gallifet and his staff dismounted and commenced an inspection from the left of the line. Walking slowly and eyeing the ranks, the general stopped here and there, tapping a man of the shoulder or beckoning him out of the rear ranks. In most cases, without further parley, the individual thus selected was marched out into the center of the road, where a small supplementary column was thus soon formed. . . . It was evident that there was considerable room for error. A mounted officer pointed out to General Gallifet a man and woman for some particular offence. This woman, rushing out of the ranks, protested her innocence in passionate terms. The general waited for a pause, and then with most impassable face and unmoved demeanor, said, 'Madame, I have visited every theatre in Paris, your acting will have no effect on me' (*ce n'est pas la peine de jouer la comédie*) : . . . It was not a good thing on that day to be noticeably taller, dirtier, cleaner, older, or uglier than one's neighbors. One individual in particular struck me as probably owing his speedy release from the ills of this world to his having a broken nose. . . . Over a hundred being thus chosen, a firing party was told off, and the column resumed its march, leaving them behind. A few minutes afterwards a dropping fire in our rear commenced, and continued for over a quarter of an hour. It was the execution of these summarily-convicted wretches."—**Paris Correspondent "Daily News," June 8, 1871.**

"The Temps, which is a careful journal, and not given to sensation, tells a dreadful story of people imperfectly shot and buried before life was extinct. A great number were buried in the Square round St. Jaques-la-Bouchiere; some of them very superficially. In the daytime the roar of the busy streets prevented any notice being taken; but in the stillness of the night the inhabitants of the houses in the neighborhood were roused by distant moans, and in the morning a clenched hand was seen protruding through the soil."—**Paris Correspondent, "Evening Standard," June 8, 1871.**

(Above are extracts from a note printed (pp. 79-80) in "The Civil War in France" by Karl Marx, edition published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago).

In March, 1871, the Workers of Paris Took Over Industry



"THE WALL OF THE FEDERALS" IN PERE LA CHAISE CEMETERY

And, whatever their mistakes, and they were admittedly many, these Communards have the honor and the fame of first trying on a large scale, to take over industry. They are honored likewise by their most unlimited courage in defending the first beginnings of workers' control of industry, and when that attempt finally failed, it was only because the capitalist class of two powerful nations, France and Germany, forgot their nationalistic differences and cooperated against the brave workers of Paris. This is one of the lessons of the Paris Commune that in spite of the fact that French and German capitalism had just emerged from the bloody Franco-Prussian war, before even the terms of peace were promulgated, the Germans released captive French regular soldiers from their prison camps for use against the Paris workers.

During the war of 1870-71 the proletariat of Paris had been given weapons. They began to demand economic concessions from the bourgeoisie. Theirs, the capitalist statesman, tried to have them disarmed. This precipitated the revolt, and the central committee of the National Guard of the commune (a French word for a local district or city) declared itself in control of the metropolis and all its industries. The National Guard was composed almost entirely of workers. That was on March 18, 1871. The central committee gave way to an elected board which immediately made a number of raids on capitalism. It remitted all rents, returned the pledges in the state pawnshop, declared that all foreigners, if they were workers, were members of the commune and eligible to office, seized all church property and prohibited the teaching of religion in schools, burned the guillotine and destroyed nationalistic and royalist monuments, and most important of all, seized all factories and workshops, and started to form cooperatives of the workers in each shop, to run industry.

After holding out for three months against overwhelming force, the Paris Commune was suppressed by General Gallifet, and the Communards massacred. In the beginning all prisoners were shot, after the reaction was secure, only selected prisoners were executed.

Diffusion of Knowledge

(Continued from First Inside Cover Page)

with the mass of fiction, of falsehood, of superstition—piled heaven high—the accumulations of ages of ignorance!

The students, the philosophers, the scientists, the dreamers were few, while those whose minds were inert were numerous. Scarcely did these latter hear the sounds which emanated from the elevated regions of Intellect, and those who did grasped not their meaning; slaves to custom, they kept plodding on their weary way, as they had plodded for centuries past.

Thus while a small band—stimulated by hidden power, which seemed to urge them on, and after receiving as sole reward for their labors the smile of the great and the patronizing favors of those who shared in the division of the good and the fair things of life—were striving to make advances in the intellectual world, the mental, as well as the material, condition of the masses remained unaltered. Progress, however small, however slow, was made, or attempted, in every science, save in that one which concerned the general welfare of the race.

Similar to Nature's mighty, though silent, operations, marvelous things were being prepared by unseen, unheard, human forces. The time came when phenomena, unprecedented and full of meaning, began to manifest themselves. The stagnancy of centuries was disturbed; mental activity became prevalent; expectancy beat in every pulse; hope swelled in every breast. All eyes wandered to the horizon, as though in search of something that must soon appear, and lo! a rising orb was seen to drive the shades of night from the long-darkened firmament; an unknown light spread over the face of the earth, penetrated the souls of men and gave new color to all things. A cycle was completed, and evolution made a step forward in its mysterious course. A new day was born for Humanity. An epoch was at hand wherein memorable events were to be recorded in the annals of Time; for the sun of knowledge had risen, and the reign of ignorance was measured.

In the last century the world witnessed the commencement of the period distinguished above all others; when the formerly limited sphere of learning, of investigation and enlightenment, was to be enlarged; when the barriers which excluded the mass of men from that sphere were to be removed; when the inestimable value of printing was to be finally realized; when its long deferred triumph was to be celebrated; when its empire and the momentous changes which it implied were really to begin.

Not only were great truths discovered; but great falsehoods inherited from the earliest ages were unmasked and eventually cast aside with the idols of antiquity; philosophy took new wings and soared to strange and heretofore unexplored realms; science

expanded its dominion and sought fresh fields of discovery, it advanced step by step, until it burst in the increased fulness of its development, into the glorious rays which illumine our present day, and brought into deeper contrast the dimness of the past. The age of Fiction and Sentiment seemed to be vanishing; that of Reality and Utility to be approaching. The conditions of society, the relations of its members and of its institutions to each other and to the state, the prerogatives of kings, the rights of men, and other kindred subjects came to the surface and occupied the minds of all. The thoughts of the wise and of the benevolent were sent forth to the multitudes and found an echo in the remotest hamlets. The dissemination of ideas provoked discussion; discussion stimulated inquiry; inquiry sharpened intelligence, and intelligence directed a new course, began to open the eyes of the people to the fact that the unfavorable conditions to which many of them had long submitted were not the result of divine dispensations—eternal and immutable—but of human regulations, ephemeral and changeable.

And what are we called upon to relate as the foremost result of the diffusion of knowledge? A solemn, an awe-inspiring protest against the ancient state of things. Murmurs arose which, feeble at first, grew louder and more frequent. From many quarters, sounds like those of the clarion were heard, and wherever heard, men were stirred to action. The land became like a vast camp aroused from a heavy sleep. The elements of discontent gathered ominously; they increased with appalling rapidity and finally broke out into a surging storm between the conflicting sections of society. The world witnessed a revolution, more universal, more pregnant with eventual results to the race, than any convulsion of nature.

In examining the constitution of the social body, we have seen the strange spectacle of the more numerous and powerful portion of society submitting to conditions detrimental to themselves and beneficial to the smaller and weaker portion; we have become convinced from the brief and cursory survey given (and more profound and elaborate survey could but result in deepening the conviction) that this state of things could ever have obtained, had not the majority been less knowing, less intelligent, than the minority.

Ignorance, then, was the cause; the abject state was the effect. Since ignorance is vanishing, must not the conditions which spring from ignorance also vanish? The cause disappearing, can the effect remain? Will not the awakening of the human race, which led to the scientific, industrial, social, and political revolutions, lead to that one which, from a material standpoint, will prove most beneficial to the people—an economic revolution?

The Stone Cross and the Double Cross

By EDWARD LLOYD

"Upon 1,682 white stone crosses that mark the resting places of unknown American army dead in France the American Government will chisel this legend: 'Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God.'"—**Ass. Press Item.**

Sixteen hundred and eighty-two crosses, each denoting an unknown man. Each one of them one of the "privileged" humans honored(?) by being caught in the net of the "Selective Service Act" of 1917. In imagination let us visit each one of these "honored" graves, and as we stand beside that mound under which rests all that remains of one who was once full of life and activity, with the poet Markham, ask ourselves this question: "What is his breed, his genesis?"

Who is he? Was he one of the members of our so-called "best families"? Was he one of the social outcasts? Most probably he was one of the migratory workers, perhaps a lumber jack or a construction worker, perhaps he followed the harvest from Oklahoma to Canada, and perhaps he was a combination of all three.

The chances are against his being one of the "first" families, for who has heard of anybody from them "turning up missing?" But, on the other hand, take the workers like "the man with the hoe," how many of them are lying here in the U. S. A. in unknown graves in the "Potters Field"? Does any monument mark their resting place? No; they did not die in battle for their country, they just passed on. After years of ceaseless toil, years of slavery, buffeted from pillar to post, sometimes battling the elements on land, sometimes fighting the storms on the sea, homeless, friendless, he, the worker who made everything possible, sometimes hungry, often without a roof to shelter him for the night—UNORGANIZED—became tired and lay down by the wayside.

Hands that have helped put down the mighty rails from the Atlantic to the Pacific, hands that have felled numberless trees that made printing and buildings possible; hands that have helped string thousands of miles of wire that communication may be maintained with all parts of the world, hands of MEN, REAL MEN, are now resting in unknown graves with no crosses, unhonored and unknown.

But the sentiment for war must be kept up, the glitter and glamor of war must be emphasized, and those who return must be given great ovations—for a time at least—and those who do not return, especially those known "but to God" must be made heroes of. The animal instinct in man must be fostered, that instinct to kill must be kept alive. That the lesson was well learned was manifested on November 11, 1919, during a parade of ex-soldiers in Centralia, Wash. You all know the story, how the union hall of the lumber workers was raided and Wesley Everest, himself an ex-soldier

and a union lumber jack, was first unsexed while alive in an auto in which they were taking him as the star actor in a "neck-tieparty," and then hung from a bridge and his body riddled with bullets. Perhaps this is some of the "honored glory" of the living American soldier!

And who has benefited by the white crosses of the known and unknown which are dotted over nearly every country in the world? How many of us who wore the khaki or blue for two, three or more years became millionaires? "Do tell."

How many, "necessary to industry," Edsel Ford and the like, who did all the flag waving at home, how many of the lumber barons and copper kings who cheered "our" boys when they started for over there to become dirty, lousy and crummy in some funk hole in a trench; how many of this bunch made thousands of dollars, if not millions during the war? "Do tell," again.

How much of the wealth of this class was conscripted, beg pardon, I mean "selected" when you and I were—er, "selected"—I was almost going to say conscripted again—Well, Well! Let's have another "Do tell," and another "Do tell" after that.

The late ex-president Wilson stated the real cause of the war when he described it as "a war of commercialism," only he said it after the war was over, but men, some of them perhaps now in unknown graves, who had the nerve and manliness to say it when the war STARTED, spent several years behind the bars in Leavenworth Penitentiary, Kansas.

But let us get back to the reason for this, and that is: the commercialists are organized and the workers are not. But the workers are awakening, not the workers of any particular state, BUT THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD. The workers are caring less whether "Gott mit uns" or whether he has not got mittens; what they are commencing to care about though, is how to get a little more of life's necessities and luxuries and shorten the work-day so that every one may work. Gradually the worker is starting to think for himself and we who have already done a little thinking should do our best to pass on what knowledge we have to the man who works alongside of us.

Let us not be intolerant though, remember YOU were a "scissor" and a "wick" once. Some one had to tell you, so let us each pick one worker and go for him. Learn well the principles of industrial unionism and then try to spread them.

The workers as a whole are ready, all that is needed is a little "stick-to-it-iveness," constant hammering, and a little patience.

THE WORLD MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR

THE WORKERS, and the workers must govern the world. Regardless of the fact that the so-called "holy writ" says there "shall be wars and rumors of wars, nation shall rise against nation, etc.," war must be made a thing of the past, and only the workers, organized solidly, can accomplish this. If the I. W. W. published a book advocating the violence, and containing the filth the "Holy Bible" contains, every one of them would, without a doubt, meet the same fate as Wesley Everest, yet these "honored" of the unknown dead use it as a divine excuse for premeditated murder.

What Canadian soldier who was there will ever forget that Easter Sunday at Ypres when the "Gott" of the Germans turned loose a flock of poison gas on the defenseless Canadians, and the "God" of the allies got busy and produced a more terrible gas to turn loose on the armies of the German "Gott"?

Have YOU ever seen nay one of these men who now occupy "honored" graves die as a result of inhaling this poison gas? I have, many of them. Oh, if you only could have seen them as they gasped for breath, strangling, choking, their lungs on fire and suffering all torments of a hell on earth till Mother Nature mercifully stepped in and ended their sufferings, and even in death, unknown agony was stamped on their features, and their reward—a white cross, or was it the "double cross"?

And yet, knowing all this, the representatives of the "American God" turned their churches into recruiting stations and sent "our boys" over there to kill and maim the soldiers of the German "Gott," sent them with their approval and blessing.

And how can the world be made safe for the workers? England showed us how it can be done the other day. It even drew the fire of one of the Chicago dailies, which came out with a horrible wail about England needing a dictator of the Mussolini type. It cried down the policy of the British government in giving way to and bending the knee to the coal miners, and stated that if "England had a man in power with an iron hand at the helm she would never have bowed to the miners," perhaps he would have called out the "English Legion," if they have one, to scab on them.

England did not bow to the coal miners, but she did bow to organized labor when all the transport workers stood side by side and hand in hand when it was apparent that the miners could not enforce their demands by themselves. Then it was that England bent the knee, and in the words of the Chicago article, "established a dangerous precedent." Yes, very dangerous—to the master robbing class, but the workers got their "raise." How true it has proven the song found in the "Wobbly" song book:

**If the workers take a notion they can stop all speed-
ing trains,
Every ship upon the ocean, they can tie with mighty
chains,**



WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE WORKERS ARE ORGANIZED

**Every wheel in the creation, EVERY MINE and every mill,
FLEETS AND ARMIES OF THE NATIONS WILL AT THEIR COMMAND STAND STILL**

What will happen when all the workers are organized into one big union of workers? THINK.

If we had a union of all the workers in 1914 would we have had these crosses dotting the world today? I think not.

The men who made their millions during the world war are drunk with power. They had their first taste of real blood money when the contracts for the building of the cantonments were let on the "cost plus" basis, the greater the expense to build them, the greater the profits to the contractor. Wooden and concrete ships were recklessly built, and thirty-one of the wooden junk piles were burnt on the Potomac River a few weeks ago, and several more are to meet the same fate.

The virus is still in their veins, the lust for gold is rampant in them, so, as previously stated, the sentiment for war must be kept alive. They show you the glittering side of the picture, but not the reverse. What a picture it would make if only the cripples I have seen—and I have seen only a very small percentage of them—were all lined up on parade. Men with no legs, some of them with one, armless men, blind men, bed-ridden men—men destined never to get off their backs again in life, and men from whom the light of reason has departed from their eyes—maniacs. And the mothers. Rachels weeping for their children because they are not. Picture them along with the widows and the fatherless, and tell me then, if you can, where are the glories and honors of war. Is it worth a white stone cross, and being "known only to God"?

Maybe "They Knew What They Wanted"

-- They Did Know a Wobbly Song

At the Harris Theatre, Chicago

FOURTH ARTICLE IN "THE WORKERS' PLAY" SERIES BY ROSA ALEXANDRA KNUUTI

From the standpoint of good and bad drama it is quite a task to classify some of the recent plays that have found their way into the theatres. To a proletarian they present a strange anomaly. Like most literature, drama is usually good or it isn't; it neither represents nor misrepresents current facts and conditions. Mostly misrepresents; seldom otherwise. In such instances classification is an easy matter.

But sometimes a fair-to-middlen' play comes along. It's good and it's bad too. More or less it defies analysis. It may contain a historically correct background—very possible social situations and incidents, but be ruined by inconsistent character delineations; or again on the other hand, plays appear that apparently have a pretty decent streak of propaganda, but end before making the point. Don't you see?

Like "What Price Glory" for instance, reviewed last month, and which ran along the edge of greatness, but missed being just that, because it hesitated to make its point; that war never was and never can be anything but destructive, all the loads of capitalistic propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding.

So as I say, in face of situations like these the task of a proletarian play reviewer becomes difficult, not to say precarious.

All of which has to do with Sidney Howard's comedy "They Knew What They Wanted," at the Harris Theatre.

Wobbly a la Howard

There's nothing particularly wrong about this play, but that it seems a revelation of facts at second hand. The characterization of the Wobbly was not typical, and that's where this play misses the point. But that's neither here nor there.

Rather, when I saw advance notices that a play with a Wobbly character in its dramatis personae had really made the grade—in other words, made Broadway and won the Pulitzer Prize for 1925 to boot—my amazement knew no bounds. Something surely was taking place in the field of dramatic literature.

I read the play in book form some time prior to seeing it, and I recall that it left me in a rather speculative frame of mind as to its dramatic qualities, as well as stage presentation. Somehow the Wobbly in the book seemed out of place—thrown in "pour le sport"—or by accident—a filler-in. But then again when one takes into account that the

location is California, at once it begins to seem possible. Who indeed could write of California and not include the Wobblies, and jails and injunctions? Somehow these elements seem to have become inseparable in the last decade—one suggests the other.

On the stage, however, "They Knew What They Wanted" seems more credible. Even Howards' Wobbly takes on more possible attitudes. Indeed, a trap was laid for me at the very start. When the curtain went up in the first act and Joe the Wobbly, opening wooden boxes, sings our own song (although irrelevantly and with bad voice):

We speak to you from jail today,
Two hundred union men:
We're here because the bosses' laws,
Bring slavery again."

After that I would have pretty nearly believed anything that went on. But this is beside the story proper.

It has to do with Tony Patucci, an elderly Italian fruitgrower of Napa Valley, California, whom "prohibitish" has made rich. He was a poor farmer in the pre-Volstead days when he got only \$10 per ton for his grapes, which now net him \$100 per ton. But, prosperous now, and tired of celibacy, Tony wants a wife and children. It seems there are plenty of women in Napa Valley, but as Tony puts it, "No good womens in the parish," for which he blames Joe, his I. W. W. farmhand. And we take it, Joe's a better ladies' man than a Wobbly.

Tony goes to Frisco in quest of a wife. There, in a spaghetti joint, he sees just the woman he wants. He gets her address, returns home, and has Joe write his letters for him and propose marriage. Photographs must be exchanged. Tony realizes he wouldn't have much of a chance were he to send the waitress a likeness of his sixty years. So he swipes a picture of the handsome young Joe and sends it to the girl.

The girl, weary of wage slavery, sees in Tony her big butter-and-egg man, her meal-ticket, and jumps at the chance. She accepts Tony's offer, and with Joe's picture in her bosom starts out for Napa Valley.

Tony prepares to meet the bride. Dolls up, drinks plenty of "vino," cranks up the flivver, and is off to the depot. But the "vino" gets the best of him, and he drives off the bridge. Tony is brought home with both legs broken, and is put to bed to stay for three months.

But the accident is mere bagatelle. It doesn't halt the wedding. The postman arrives with Amy the mail order bride, who gives Joe and the grand farm the once-over, and says, "Amy, old kid, you're in gravy," only to discover that she has been deceived and that Tony is the man she is to marry instead of Joe. But Amy is broke and can't go back to Frisco, so decides to remain, and marries the dago there and then. Of course she's very unhappy and all that. But who wouldn't be, with the groom laid up with broken legs and everything.

But there's Joe. That's some consolation. The philandering young Wob—sloppy but beautiful, as the author describes him. And he's right and ready to cheer her. Then everything moves rather fast after that. 'Ere long Amy discovers she is with child. And Joe is the father. What to do, what to do? They decide to run away and leave Tony with his broken legs. But Tony's been pretty white to both of them, so Amy confesses to Tony. That's Tony's cue to rant and rave, but finally to calm down and prevent Amy from leaving him. Along about here the three of them seem to know what they want. Reasonably enough, Amy is convinced that she stands a better chance of pork chops and gravy with Tony than with the migratory I. W. W. who has such promiscuous ways of making a living. It can be any one of the many jobs he has mentioned—orange pickin's—or the oilfields, or the railroads, or even the jail. Hadn't he told Amy that?

Then Tony too, being children- and wife-hungry, broadminded and still much in love with Amy, knows what he wants, and overlooks her little offense.

The play ends with Joe, pack on back, starting out for the great open spaces—which was what he was supposed to want. I wonder.

That's the story. It won't set the world afire. It's simple and diverting, and that's quite enough. It's good, and it isn't. And yet it has a way of getting beneath your hide. Maybe it was the Wobbly song in the start that turned the trick. Anyway, all the while you feel as if something is happening to you. You're not in the theatre. You're out in Napa Valley on Tony's fruit farm. And you begin to feel as if you know Joe the Wobbly farm-hand. Yes, you have met him before—many times. You feel quite related to him—he's been in jail too. But of course this is California, and although Glen Anders clowns the Wobbly character more or less, you believe in him in spite of yourself, darn it.

Sidney Howard has been kinder to the character than would be expected from an outsider. He is slovenly, this Wobbly of his; doesn't care whether school keeps or not. But his outlook on life allows one to conclude that he is not altogether ignorant of Wobbly principles. It may be only a squirming idea, a confused thought, but it's there just the same. There are good moments. For instance when he reads his Wobbly papers to the disgust of Tony and the Holy Padre, the local sky-pilot—as he scans his paper, he says, "I read these things and

they make me think. A man ought to think if he can. Oh, not tall talk. Just what he could be doin' himself. I ought to have been in on the dock strike at San Pedro, but I wasn't. I don't want to miss another big fight like that." There are numerous other lines I'd like to quote, but space won't permit.

As I say, the author was kinder in his delineation of this character than could be expected. The usual thing (and Howard isn't altogether free from it either) is to append all the existing vices to the Wobbly make-up. To bourgeois writers loose morals seem to be a special prerogative of the Wobbly. Something like Howards' Joe. But I'm not resentful. More important than the play itself, than the excellent acting of Richard Bennett as Tony, than Pauline Lord's fine performance of the little wage slave, than Glen Anders' unforgettable Joe—is that the Wobbly is being reckoned with in American literature.

They may not like him, but they can't ignore him.



Book Reviews

Although Walter Lippmann seldom says anything very new, he always says it in a new way. His very pleasing little book, "The Phantom Public" does this too. It is nice reading, for Lippmann acts on his conviction that the public is powerful but dumb, and makes his stuff easy. The publishers have helped him with thick, opaque paper, beautiful large type, and reckless wide margins, which set off the author's short chapters like jewels.

Lippmann's thesis, in short, is that modern social affairs are too complex for everybody to understand. The citizen cannot spare the time to discover what is going on. The liberals and the democrats have been acting under the assumption that the more of the detail of government that the individual "average man" is allowed to take part in, the more efficient and just and useful that government will be. The initiative, the referendum and the recall, universal suffrage, popular election of presidents, judges, senators, etc., have all been considered milestones of progress because it was thought they led

**A Ghost
Takes on
Flesh**

to popular government, public control of law making, and of its enforcement. Lippmann says that this is a mistake, for the public does not work that way, cannot work that way, and is only made more confused and helpless and indifferent by trying to do it.

But this is only the half of his argument. He continues to hold that there is a real public, which is all of that part of the population not directly engaged in the carrying out of the dispute, or activity about which it is supposed to have an opinion. This public can only decide, because of the lack of information, between two courses of action clearly presented to it, and it only does decide when these courses are violently disputed over by two groups of interested parties. Then it comes in to settle the dispute, in a coarse, unscientific and frequently harmful way.

Lippmann himself seems to think that it wastes its time in trying to settle even these points, as separate disputes in themselves, but that its interests are best conserved if it leaves the interested parties to fight it out, but merely watches and prohibits them from breaking the laws of war, as they fight. Or, in other words, contending interests, each trying to swing society into its path of progress, are best let alone to squabble, arbitrate, and finally contract with each other, so long as they do not break the law. When the law is broken, then, and then only, is the public interested, and must decide whether the law-breaker should be punished, or the law should be changed.

This, it will be seen, is really nothing but Jeffersonian Democracy with a laboratory apron on, beneath which are thrust out to us the cowhide boots of our colonial forefathers. It is an old theory that Lippmann has dressed in up-to-date phraseology. And to a certain extent, and in a certain way, it is true. Anybody will recognize at once the truth of his statement that voting is out of fashion. For:

"The private citizen today has come to feel rather like a deaf spectator in the back row, who ought to keep his mind on the mystery off there, but cannot quite manage to keep awake. He knows he is somehow affected by what is going on. Rules and regulations continually, taxes annually and wars occasionally remind him that he is being swept along by great drifts of circumstance.

"Yet these public affairs are in no convincing way his affairs. They are for the most part invisible. They are managed, if they are managed at all, at distant centers, from behind the scenes, by unnamed powers. As a private person he does not know for certain what is going on, or who is doing it, or where he is being carried. No newspaper reports his environment so that he can grasp it; no school has taught him how to imagine it; his ideals, often, do not fit with it; listening to speeches, uttering opinions and voting do not, he finds, enable him to govern it. He lives in a world which he cannot see, does not understand and is unable to direct.

"In the cold light of experience he knows that his sovereignty is a fiction. He reigns in theory, but in fact he does not govern."

Lippmann does not discuss the future society which the I. W. W. has in mind, or any other sort of revolutionary project except state socialism, and in it, of course, he sees little hope of progress. He says:

"No serious student, I think, would dispute that socialist premise which asserts that the weight of influence on society exercised by an individual is more nearly related to the character of his property than to his abstract legal citizenship. But the socialist conclusion that economic power can be distributed by concentrating the ownership of great utilities in the state, the conclusion that the pervasion of industrial life by voting and referenda will yield competent popular decisions, seems to me again to beg the question. For what reason is there to think that subjecting so many more affairs to the method of the vote will reveal hitherto undiscovered wisdom and technical competence and reservoirs of public interest in men? The socialist scheme has at its root the mystical fallacy of democracy, that the people, all of them, are competent . . ."

All of this is certainly not new, but it must be said in Lippmann's defense that he is not denying that the individual member of the public may be himself a very efficient actor, in affairs that concern him, may be skilled in planning, and a good thinker, but still, as a member of the public when he tries to deal with other affairs, public affairs which he cannot know much about compared with what the insider knows, he merely interferes with the insider, and nothing can be gained by increasing the field of his necessary ignorance.

The argument is not entirely true, as it would apply as well to the stockholders of a corporation as to citizens—and we know the corporations work fairly efficiently. Though that may be because stockholders do, in practice, follow the advice that Lippmann gives the citizens, and hire experts, with whom they interfere only when the experts disagree, or something else goes wrong.

The I. W. W., however, does not propose any such arrangement as state socialism, but would like to see the workers in each industry manage and own that industry. This would have the effect of making smaller publics, each in its own industry, and each therefore much more cognizant of the affairs in which it is most interested than could possibly be the case in a pure state socialism.

We may admit that in general Lippmann is right when he argues that the experts, the "agents" as he calls them, are the only ones who plan, and that the multitudes, the "public," the "bystanders," are at the most able to decide between quarreling experts, or variously interested active agents. But we must remember that any "agent" or expert worth anything takes the prejudices, the theories, and the desires of the masses into consideration—or soon

fails. Moreover, every agent is affected by the general theories of the masses, he is a product of his time and circumstances, and their opinion, even their unvoiced opinion, affects him, because he is influenced as they are influenced—to some extent at least. It would be easy to exaggerate this, but so far as it goes, it is true. Moreover, debate over matters of public policy are not, as Lippmann says, merely means of identifying the combatants, clarifying the interests—debates among experts change the opinions of the experts themselves. It has often happened that all concerned in a union convention, for instance, finally decide on a course of action which is worked out by all together, to avoid objections raised at the convention, and which is quite different from what any of them intended to propose in the beginning. This is less true among capitalist politicians, however, for they are individualists, and selfish, and are seldom free agents, but have to take orders.

I have dragged the unions into this because it seems to me that Lippmann's argument is applicable to, is a contribution to the social science of, a classless society. In a society where the workers would run industry, and the central, controlling and coordinating bodies would bear the same relationship to the industrial organizations that the I. W. W. general executive board bears to the various industrial unions, the situation would be improved over what it is now, but it would still be true that experts would have to be placed at the head of things. A railroad must have a manager, just the same as a printing plant. No engineer, if he is to find out all that it is necessary for him to know about his engine, can at the same time be even a division superintendent. No one brain can hold all this knowledge. And if you are going to avoid an anarchy of production, and an appalling quantity of wasted work, train wrecks, loss of life, and the utmost confusion, there must be somebody placed at the head of things, and the more he knows, the better. He is the expert manager just as the engineer is the expert engine driver. One job may be as good as another, but the manager must make decisions that influence the way of life of all the others, and the engine driver's decisions and mistakes influence the lives of himself, or the train crew and passengers, of his own and one or two more trains at best.

And so we come right up against the same old question of the proper way to combine efficiency and democracy. The narrower you can make the field of delegated power, the more "direct action" you can include, the easier the problem becomes. But every new invention, adding to the complexity of the relationships between the factors of industry, makes management, and technical experts more necessary, and they do have power delegated to them, and the rest of the workers are a kind of public, which doesn't understand as well as the manager, but never can trust him absolutely. Lippmann's decision that these members of the public should act as a court of final resort, deciding general poli-

cies and finally selecting which of two contending groups of experts is to carry them out, holding them all responsible for results, removing those who do not get results, making them obey the law (preventing any tendency of the agricultural workers to starve out the rest, for instance) may be the best decision we can make. At least any new light that anybody can throw on this problem of democracy and efficiency is welcome. Even the most advanced labor unions have not solved it, satisfactorily, as yet.

Lippmann's book is probably a valuable addition to the literature on the future society simply because it is so worthless as a plan of action in the present society. It is useful as a possible program for a classless society, because it neglects the classes in present-day society.

As a matter of fact, at present there is no such public as Lippmann envisions. Do not be misled by the name of the book; Lippmann thinks that only the all-wise public of the democrats is a phantom, but he himself firmly believes in another spook—the unwise public. And there is not even this public. There are classes. When the coal miners go on strike, it is not true that the operators and the coal miners are the "agents" and all others are the "public" with approximately the same interests because they all use coal. How will Lippmann explain the activity of the freezing garment workers, who are contributing hundreds of thousands of dollars to the striking miners, to prolong the strike? All labor becomes, in truth, an agent—though, unfortunately, all labor does not realize it. Where is this public? The farmers? A sub-class. The corner grocers? Another sub-class. Each ready to interfere in its own interest.

Under capitalism the only time you get a semblance of public action, even of the sort that Lippmann mentions, is when the whole mass of people is artificially united, by propaganda, on a false basis, usually in favor of something that is injurious to them. That alone is enough to destroy any effective and actual public opinion—and Lippmann should know it as well as anyone, for he wrote a book on it once called, "Liberty and The News."

—VERN SMITH.

THE PHANTOM PUBLIC, By Walter Lippmann, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. Price, \$2.

Letters of Protest, by Kate Crane-Gartz, is a book of letters which constitute a second series: the first, "The Parlor Provocateur," published some two years ago, was so well received that Mrs. Gartz was induced to permit the publication of the present series.

The volume contains letters written and received by Mrs. Gartz, to and from, clergymen, educators, authors, statesmen and judges.

Mrs. Gartz is no doctrinaire, she is primarily interested in persons, and the defense of those who

are persecuted because of their social views. Her letters breathe a fierce hatred, an artist's hatred, for the unnecessary suffering and the offensive sights that are the necessary concomitants of poverty and excess wealth as two extremes of social organization. It is undoubtedly this offending of artistic sense that has influenced her and not need or fear of possible need; her letters consequently cut through all conventioned lies exposing the evils and absurdities that too many liberals gloss over.

She has been ostracised and publicly slandered, because of her active intervention on the behalf of several persecuted groups, this however has not deterred her: she is too strong an individual to be brow-beaten once the social situation is clear to her and her course has been determined.

I have read the letters of many persons of prominence, but none which go more surely and directly to the kernel of things. And that is why I call these letters pearls, for they, too, like pearls have been begotten by agony, not the agony of physical suffering, since their author is wealthy, but esthetic suffering since she is also sensitive.

Frank Harris has created a "Lunatic" who muses

thus, "What madmen we are with Secretaries of State for War and no Secretary of State for Peace." Mrs. Gartz is one of the glorious mad ones. Her attitude on war, while her two sons were at the front, is not the attitude of a mentally caloused liberal, who in the popular hue and cry, with their own loved ones involved, became apologists for the system so parsimonious of all that is best in life.

This series of letters, like those of the first volume, must of a necessity find a permanent and welcome place in the interest of all who regret and seek to abolish the unnecessary and offensive evils of present-day society. She has not merely given dollars to the causes she espouses, which anyone possessing wealth can do and which after all is merely the employment of wealth, but has given time, thought and toil which is the employment of the soul.

—WARREN LAMSON.

LETTERS OF PROTEST, by Kate Crane-Gartz.
Edited and published by Mary Craig Sinclair, Pasadena, California.

Coming Revolution in the Printing Industry

(Continued from Page 10)

process, as well as to bring about, under the newer order, conditions of labor such that the standard of living is not affected by the new discovery; depends mainly upon the efficiency of their organizations.

The typographical union, which is most affected by the new process, here under consideration, has, in its past career, weathered precisely such a storm. It has smoothed the transition from typesetting by hand to the general use of the linotype.

It was one of the first unions to give up completely the traditional attitude of craft unionism which was invariably one of hostility towards mechanical progress. Before 1890, typesetting was a handicraft art and had undergone but few changes since the introduction of printing. During the nineties, machine composition began to displace hand typesetting. The typographical union was clever enough not to oppose the introduction of the linotype but, instead, claimed jurisdiction over it. Their national convention in 1888 passed a resolution ordering local unions to take speedy action looking to the operation of linotype machines by union men at a rate of wages which would secure a compensation equal to that paid to compositors by hand.

Wages have been maintained and even increased in spite of the introduction of the typesetting machine. The length of the working day has been reduced and the amount of unemployment entailed by the change was held to a minimum. A notable gain was made in the shortening of the working day and was justified by the fact that the strain upon

the operator of a linotype is greater than that upon the hand compositor.

The forces which enabled the typographical union to maintain its control of the job in the face of the linotype were:

(a) The fact that the main strength of the union came from the control of the large newspaper plants. The latter understood that they were exceptionally vulnerable to the boycott.

(b) The fact that the linotype was first introduced into the newspaper plants and, from there, invaded the rest of the printing business. As its use spread from the newspapers to the smaller shops, the latter found to hand a supply of operators who had been trained in the newspaper plants.

While the strength of the union was a potent factor in the handling of the new invention, it was not the only one. The two circumstances mentioned above constituted strategical advantages of great power and helped considerably toward the result.

But, above all, the main feature of the situation was this one: the technical advance embodied in the change affected only the craft of the typesetters. The craft union formed an adequate form of economic organization to take care of a change within the craft.

This situation does no longer present itself in the case of the invention here analyzed. As a technical process, it is vastly larger than any craft included in the printing industry. It does not revolutionize one craft or several crafts; it revolutionizes the

whole of the industry and it finds the workers in that industry split up into craft unions indifferent or hostile to each other without any kind of an industrial organization, the only structural form which can effectively cope with a new method covering the whole of an industry.

Thus the inquiry: what are the chances for concerted action between the different unions in the printing trades, becomes one of the uttermost importance. Is there in existence a will or a spirit to cooperate in organized form? Are these unions guided by a conception of economic events or a social ideal which can endow their efforts with the scientific correctness and the rational enthusiasm which constitute the primary conditions of victory?

For, after all, the industrial union of the employers is functioning, it is a going concern, ready for such an emergency. A social ideal, a sound tactical policy which embodies the reversal of tactics of long standing cannot be improvised in a few minutes because and in the face of impending danger of a technical revolution.

Let us then try to answer the all-important question of preparedness for action in the light of what we know about the life and behavior of the printing unions.

The work of the compositor constitutes one of the most intellectual and educative forms of creative labor. It leads to a higher measure of culture than the monotonous repetition of the standardized motions inherent in the performance of one of the many operations included in the production of some commodities.

This condition is not without its corresponding obligations. The working class has a right to expect much from the printers in its struggle for emancipation. On the average, the printers have not lived up to those legitimate expectations. While there are a few valuable exceptions, the bulk of the membership of the typographical unions has developed very strongly marked petty bourgeois and middle class tendencies. They are generally over-insured and exhibit a tendency to live beyond their income and to go into debt. Their own national president, not so very long ago, warned them against such an attitude and pointed out that, in a considerable measure, it weakened their capacity for resistance in case the employing class attempted to get for itself higher profits by an attempt to lower the standard of living.

An outlet for the would-be bourgeois in the ranks of printing labor is the country paper. The latter is a typically American institution. All those in the printing trades who have tried it and failed are not backward in telling about the shady sides of the business. From them we may learn that the fancied independence of the printer-owner is in reality a form of genteel poverty. It is paid for with an overlong workday during which he performs half a dozen functions, from printer's devil to editor-in-chief.

The whole business is largely parasitic. It man-

ages to exist mainly on account of the disposition of the postal laws which grants free delivery within the county limits to the backwoods papers. This free delivery service saddles the postoffice with a net loss of from six to twenty million dollars a year.

Another feature of the small country weekly and one which frequently provides it with its main sources of income is the publication of assessment notices when large stockholders are attempting to freeze out the small investors and, to that end, publish the assessment notices where those interested are sure not to look for them. In this connection, the publication of useless legal notices as part of the judiciary red tape included in all lawsuits should also be mentioned.

These two outlets have formed the aim and purpose of many a printer and have shaped the social and political attitude of a great many more. They explain largely the conservatism of their unions and their opposition to the more economic methods available for use in the printing industry such as printing mats or boiler plate (ready-made forms shipped whole), two forms of reproduction of the written word which may hurt the local craftsman but are of a distinctive advantage to society in general. The performance of socially useless labor known in economics as the "make-work" theory, has always found many staunch defenders amongst the compositors.

From the same angle, we must mention the overlooked possibilities of the printing crafts. All the lies and the untruths published by a corrupt press when labor is on strike are generally composed by men who carry union cards and know that they are perpetrating a lie. An "ad" for strikebreakers falsely stating, "No labor trouble," as well as an hypocritical editorial directed against labor are set up, stereotyped and run off the press by members of the A. F. of L. One needs only the fingers of one single hand to count the number of instances where the printing crafts have risen to manhood and refused to contribute to the propagation of tendential news or Jesuitic editorials directed against their own class. Still, the anguished cry of the bosses, on such occasions, ought to have told them that they had found the real remedy for the evil of brass check journalism and that such action was a good deal more efficient than a half dozen press laws.

Conclusion

Neither the compositors nor the pressmen are ready for the coming revolution in printing. Their organizations are not such as to give them a controlling influence in the course of the transition period from the old to the new technique. The future would look dark for them, indeed, if it was not for the fact that the despised I. W. W. has been, for many years, patiently and conscientiously elaborating the theory and practice of a revolutionary and scientific unionism which stands ready, even under the new conditions faced by the industry, to solve for the workers in the printing trades the pathetically imminent question: **to be or not to be**

An Extract From a Diary

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

WE walked, John Mow and I, down through Pepper-sauce Bottoms until we hit the Santa Fe tracks, and then turned aside to an open space by the side of the river. One could still see the damage the flood had wrought in crazy-tilted houses, small and mean. The river was a shrunken stream here, a Samson shorn of its strength by the hand of Summer. We sat on a stranded tree trunk. The sun glinted on the water and the distant foothills were hazy with the heat. Mow's crag-like face was set as he looked far out towards the mountains. "It is a great country," he said softly; "a wonderful country." And then he went on to talk and talk; and I sat there in the warm sun and listened; and the result of it all is the rhyme below.

I want to write a noble song,
Indite a patriotic rhyme,
But truth is truth, and I'm afraid
Won't lend itself to such a crime.

Oh to a vast and glorious land
My pen would lend itself with pride,
And if he wrote of mountain, plain,
Oh, who could say the writer lied?

But ah, the mountain, plain, are but
The tools which do the work of them
Who work the woe, who forge the hate
To mar the lives of toiling men.

A thousand streams go babbling on
A-down the mountain, o'er the plain,
Whose stored-up energy is used
To bind on man a mighty chain.

A thousand orchards 'neath the sun
With boughs bent 'neath a fruitful load,
Are used as spurs to urge the zeal
Of millions suffering from the goad.

A thousand mines of silver, gold,
A thousand mines of iron and coal,
Are used as burdens on the backs
To warp the frame and taint the soul.

Come see the fields of wheat stretch far,
Come watch the sheaves of wheat brought in,
Walk through the grain mills of the land
And count the bushels in the bin.

Come, fellow, follow on the plough
Where weary feet go up and down,
Come walk the streets and see the stores,
The wealth that's piled in every town.

Come where the stockyards stretch for miles,
Chicago, Denver, anywhere,
Come where the hides are stacked up high
And smoke of factories taints the air.

Our Swift's and Armour's plants, come see,
And marvel at the meats that go
Forth from them in a steady stream,
A never stopping, endless flow.

O watch the freight trains whirling by,
Each one a "million dollar" train,
Efficient, prompt, and spreading wide
The fruits of mountain, sea and plain.

O visualize the land as one,
The products of it as a whole,
The mountains, plains, the coals and grains
That pay to man no stinted toll.

Then turn to man himself a slave
To fellow-man who does enslave,
And see him toiling all his life,
And starved, fill up a pauper's grave.

His children naked, hungry, cold,
His wife dispirited and mean,
Himself a toiler for the food,
The scanty food that he can glean.

Come with me where he walks the streets
By tens of hundreds, shunned and banned,
Come with me where he begs for work
From every factory in the land.

Tread softly with me through the homes
Where sable wings of misery lie,
For here a thing of skin and bones
A little starving babe must die.

And here a gaunt-eyed mother prays
Above the cradle of her son
Who moans for bread, until his moans
Are merged in death—forever done;

While undernourished, hollow-cheeked,
A slim maid coughs her life away,
And still another walks the streets
And yields her virtue up for pay.

Tread softly with me through the homes
Of these the base, the squalid poor,
For hunger grim is treading too,
To kill the babe, shape thief and whore;

O friends, with tearful eyes look on
The shattered flesh, the human prey,
And then remember all the wealth,
The plenty in the land today!



I want to write a noble song,
Indite a patriotic theme,—
But how can I when all around
Such misery and want is seen?

Oh, to a vast and glorious land,
That plenty gives, and gives again,
I would not grudge a song of praise
If I could write it with my pen!

But oh, the land itself in chains
Unto a system based on greed

In vain may bear, in vain may give
Of all its plenty, seek to feed

The starving babes, the millions gaunt,—
Unless the starving workers rise
And seize the factory, farm and mart,
Become comptrollers of supplies!

Then! . . . Then might orators declaim,
And poets sing a mighty song;
For patriotic singing then
Might not be founded on a wrong!

Justice Triumphant in the Ford Case

(Continued From Page 8)

fitting and proper that this minion of mockery should be elected to preside at the second trial of Ford.

On January 4, 1926, the trial began in the old court house at Marysville. At the end of counsel table nearest the jury box sat District Attorney Ray Manwell, snarling, sneering and constantly talking about "my father." Well toward the other end of the table, between his attorneys and newspapermen, sat the defendant—an earnest, small man, who celebrated his forty-third birthday by testifying in his own behalf. About his eyes were a few finely etched lines caused by deep thought; he held his head erect and one notices that hair, which was once jet black, is turning gray. By his eyes one could tell that his indomitable spirit and cheerful disposition has suffered but little from eleven and a half years of captivity. Just behind him sat his fifteen-year-old son, whom Judge Busick had ordered not to sit at his father's side. The boy could never remember seeing his father outside a prison, but his faith that his father would be acquitted never flagged.

The jury was not one which would be expected to understand a class war case. It was made up of five farmers, one farm laborer, three women—a typist, housewife and nurse—and three small business men. One hundred and seventy-two talesmen had been examined before a jury was selected.

Throughout the trial, except for a day or two during the monotonous process of selecting a jury, standing room was at a premium in the court room. Both local papers featured the trial each day of its progress. Their reports were remarkable because of their fairness and accuracy. The entire countryside was agog with interest. Among the sporting fraternity, the odds were in favor of an acquittal.

Included among the witnesses for the prosecution were members of the posse which had been at the fatal event, and also a number of residents of Wheatland who had gone out to the hop camp to take in the excitement when they heard there was likely to be trouble. Although Judge Busick had denied the motion of the defense to exclude all witnesses from the courtroom, these worthies who testified for the state not only contradicted each other, but, on material points, their testimony was widely at variance with what they had given at the former trial. They carried themselves with the swagger of conscious bold, bad men, or cringed and fidgeted while they "told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The witnesses for the defendant had been gathered after fine-combing the state. Most of them were plain, humble folks who had been on the Durst ranch as hop pickers on that fatal Sunday. With the assurance of those who have nothing to fear and nothing to hide, they met the snarling, grilling

cross-examination of the district attorney and judge with simple, straight-forward, unimpeachable statements. They told how Ford had counseled the hop pickers that they must keep the peace, injure no property, and to leave any weapons which they might have in their tents. They related how he had taken up a collection and bought groceries and blankets for a destitute family. Upon one occasion, he had held up to the view of the crowd an infant, its face splotted with the fever that was rampant in the unwholesome camp and said: "It is not for ourselves, but for such as these, that we are making these demands." As to the tragedy itself, the witnesses for the defendant related how Deputy Sheriff Dakin, with trembling hands, had fired the first shots directly over the heads of the crowd; and how this same Dakin, after the shooting was over, had killed the Porto Rican as he was retreating from the crowd and had shot the arm off another man who had made no move at all.

The Pooh Bah in Action

It would indeed be tedious to relate all of the rulings of Judge Busick, but this story would not be complete without a few examples, so that the reader may have some idea why he has been named "The Pooh Bah" and "Prejudicial Busick."

Early in the trial it was evident that he had an idea in mind that he was going to show the people of Marysville just how to railroad a worker to prison. He began his course of instruction when the defense offered a motion to exclude all witnesses from the court room. This is a motion that is always granted when made by either side in any case and especially so in murder cases. Busick, promptly denied it and stated as his reason that he thought the witnesses had a right to stay in the court room and listen to the testimony as no doubt their minds needed refreshing.

A little later in the same day he began his haranguing of defense attorneys, especially Attorney Henderson. His manner and words were insulting, and purposely so. He intended to either get the attorneys so mad that they would blunder in cross-examination or else put them in a state of mind where they would be afraid to offer an objection, thinking that they would be insulted again. Whatever his motive, he failed to either stop or aggravate counsel, but tended to put them in a better fighting mood and they were more alert at each remark.

He refused to allow the defense to show the conditions as they existed in the hop camp. In another instance, when it became apparent that a witness for the state had testified differently in the former trial as to whether the crowd was "dense" in a particular spot, His Honor ruled that the word "dense" expressed a mere conclusion of law, and not a fact, and ruled out all testimony using the word.

Throughout the entire time taken up by the taking of testimony, he continually overruled every

defense objection and sustained every one made by the prosecution. At times he found it advisable, from his viewpoint, to criticize the defendant in such a way as to belittle him in the eyes of the jury. He would do this by stating that thus far the defense had not produced anything in court that could be construed as a defense.

At the time the closing arguments were being offered he went to great pains to let the jurors know his opinion. While the two attorneys for the defense were arguing, Busick continually busied himself by rustling papers, or books, or else by gazing abstractly out of a window. Came the prosecutor to make his argument and we found a new Busick. He was all attention, drinking in every word as it flowed from the oily tongue of young Manwell. When Manwell would refer to the American flag, Busick would turn around in his chair and fondly gaze at that court fixture; when he spoke of Ford as an I. W. W., Busick would turn in the defendant's direction and glower down at him. Then there was the moment in which the district attorney likened the I. W. W. to a bunch of rats that are gnawing at the foundation of a building, saying that, that is what the I. W. W. were doing; gnawing at the foundation of this government, and the Pooh Bah nodded his head in emphatic approval of the statement.

Jurors Retire

At twelve thirty-five on Thursday afternoon, January 21st, the case was closed and the jury began their deliberations. For seventy-seven long, dreary hours they remained dead-locked, never leaving the jury room except to go to the hotel for their meals, or to come into the court room for instructions or to have some of the testimony read to them.

On one occasion, when the jury was in court to have certain instructions repeated, one juror questioned: "If a juror assumes that there was conspiracy, can the defendant be convicted?" That was a dramatic moment. It had been many years since any one in a California court had even suggested that evidence should be required to show a conspiracy in a class war case. The judge actually explained that one could not be convicted without evidence; but it did not take him long to collect himself and explain that there is such a thing as circumstantial evidence.

At noon on Saturday the jury reported that they were hopelessly dead-locked and asked to be discharged; but "His Honor" calmly advised them to deliberate further. That evening he called them in and withdrew the instruction on a manslaughter verdict. His action in that instance was without precedent and was done over strenuous objections by the defense.

Sunday at noon, Busick had apparently changed his judicial mind, for he ordered the sheriff to notify the jurors that he would discharge them if they would come into court. However, the jurors had other ideas and they refused to come in. Thereafter,

at intervals of forty-five or fifty minutes, the judge repeated his order to the sheriff, only to be met with the same reply until they finally stated they had reached a verdict..

Assistant Prosecutor McDaniels Speaks

Throughout the entire trial, Judge McDaniel, Judge Busick, Former District Attorney Stanwood and District Attorney Manwell held frequent conferences out of court. Shortly after Judge Busick had attempted to discharge the jury, the situation proved too much for the nerves of vulnerable Judge McDaniel. He could keep himself in hand no longer. Someone had to have a piece of his mind. He and a number of court attaches and newspaper men were seated within the rail in the court room while the "rabble" sat outside the sacred bar. Editor James Cremin, of the Marysville Appeal, uncorked the vials of judicial wrath by observing that he thought they would arrive at a verdict soon. That was too much for Judge E. P. He said, "Yes, and it should be a verdict for the people. The defense has not shown a bit of evidence for a defense of this charge." Then, warming up to his work, he addressed the editor more directly: "I am touched, Jim, by your loyalty to your dead friend E. T. Manwell, and to Sheriff Voss and to the people of the State of California. From the way your paper has reported this case, it looks as if you had sold out to the I. W. W." This, of course, called for the short, ugly word from the editor; and that, in turn, led to some statements from the jurist as to what might happen if spectacles were removed from the bridge of the editorial nose. However, before the spectacles could be neatly placed in their case the sheriff remembered that he had been sworn to keep the peace, and stepped between the irate gentlemen.

No one thought to ask the worthy jurist why he did not go to Sacramento and take Mr. McClatchey on for a few rounds without glasses, for, during the trial, Mr. McClatchey's Sacramento Bee had denounced Ford as a murderer. In California, it seems fair to assume, it is contempt of court for a newspaper not to assist the prosecution.

The smoke of this wordy battle cleared slowly from the heavy atmosphere of the tense court room and all present settled back in their seats to await a verdict.

Verdict Reached

Came a rap at the jury room door. A hush fell over the noisy court. The hands on the wall clock turned to five-forty p. m. Five minutes passed, five minutes in which every one was alert, expectant, wondering if a verdict had been reached. Court attaches took their places, followed by counsel for both sides, the defendant and the judge. Newspaper men hastily scribbled on their ever present note

pads. Then came the jury. Weary and haggard, they straggled into the jury box and took their regular seats. Slowly, the verdict against the defendant on his plea of former jeopardy, which the judge had directed, was read and recorded, with a great scratching of the clerk's pen.

Then the foreman of the jury read the principal verdict, from its formal heading, to the words "not guilty." For an instant not a breath was drawn. A hush primeval seemed to have fallen on all living things—the silence as if all things had come to a stop. But, for a moment only. A woman shrieked. Then came a thunder-like burst of applause, topped by stamping of feet and surges of cheering, that fairly shook the old court house.. For a moment one had visions of one of California's favorite products being thrust upon us—an earthquake, so distinct was the shaking of the floor under our feet. They poured out the court room, down the stairs and onto the street, still cheering. At last the people of Marysville knew that a great stain had been removed; and it rejoiced at the vindication of its honor.

Then, for a second time on that eventful Sunday, a judge's nerves snapped. Many times during the trial Judge Busick's face had flushed with judicial wrath; but all that had gone before was as moonlight to sunlight, to the great outburst of rage which was now poured on the heads of that rejoicing audience. One cannot recall his words, but there was a plentiful sprinkling of such phrases as "un-American," "Insult to the flag," and the like. The verdict in particular, he referred to as being "un-American." One culprit was singled out as an example and ordered to jail for five days. Another had been selected also, but he turned out to be a banker, so was not punished for contempt, as was the other poor fellow, who was only a destitute war veteran.

Ford Released

Ford walked from that old court room, amid the handshakes and congratulations of the people of Marysville, and for the first time in twelve years, he walked without the eye of a keeper upon him; still he was not free. He went as a felon, a convict, one who must go where and do what the State Parole Officer says he must go and do. One who can make no contract; can drive no cars; whose civil rights are suspended, a prisoner still, but on a longer tether.

Yet, in the eyes of all men, he stands vindicated. Tried in the very town where he was once hooted and reviled—convicted by a jury then that now admits they were swayed by popular prejudice—tried on the same evidence, prosecuted by a vindictive district attorney—tried before a judge who made every effort to favor his accusers—upon that same evidence he stands acquitted and vindicated.



WOBBLES

CATS AND THINGS . . .

It was at a farm house. One of those stump-ranchers whose premises show little sign of crops. Still, there is a big car sitting in the yard. Ostensibly a farmer, but really following the nation-wide bourgeois moonshine industry. His main crop comes from a copper coil hid somewhere out in the woods.

I went in to get, let us say, a drink of water. A woman and a little boy about three years old were the only ones at home. Evidently mother and son. The boy was playing with the cat, the mother ironing.

At a moment when the woman was going towards the stove to change the iron for a hotter one, the little boy had gotten the cat by the tail and was laughing while the cat was pulling and meowing. The mother passing, no doubt harder than she intended, swung the iron against the little fellow's back. The blow toppled the boy over and he began to cry; the cat skedaddled.

With an involuntary look of remonstrance I glanced at the woman. She changed irons, returned to the ironing board, explained apologetically:

"Lann sakes! they's no use belongin' to a woman's club for the perfection of animals 'les one practices what it preaches. Calvin's got to stop 'busing the cat."

QUADRUPEDS AND BIPEDS

It is well known that often a farmer enters into a logging contract as a winter occupation for himself and his teams.

On this day the toat teamster had hauled in a load of hay, along with which he also brought a box of dynamite for blowing stumps. While unloading the hay he had set the dynamite down in the barn door. About then the farmer-logger came in from the works. Seeing the dynamite in the barn, he exclaimed:

"What do you mean by putting that dynamite in the barn? You want to blow up all my horses?"

"Well, where'll I put it?" asked the teamster.

"Put it in the men's camp."

Bi Heck.

A wobbly was asked about what was meant by workers' education, which he explained this way: "It means that you make the workers understand that they do the work instead of the president, or, for instance, a half a dozen men are building a house for a real estate man and you go up to them and tell them that they are building the house and not the real estate shark: that's workers' education. It's something they ought to know, but evidently don't.



A Few Words From the Outgoing Business Manager

After having been acting in the capacity of business manager of Industrial Pioneer and Industrial Solidarity for the past six months, will state it was necessary for me to take this office due to the sadly depleted condition of the treasury of the publications, and also of the general organization; however, there is no doubt that if any capable person should be given full charge of the publications, so as to allow him the necessary time to try and increase the circulation throughout the various prospective fields, it would in time be the means of showing a gain rather than a deficit.

By this I do not mean that one should devote all the time to routine or clerical work, but, in other words, they should be in a position to be allowed to try and place both our publications on various news-stands, also, where possible, canvas an entire district among those who work. By this method we could obtain more subscriptions.

Of course, subscriptions alone are not the only means of revenue for the publications, as the members and especially the large branches, must co-operate with the publications in the matter of receiving as many copies in bundle orders as possible. If the publications would receive all which they have in outstanding bills, it would be the means of balancing the account and they would not be so heavily indebted to General Headquarters.

Another matter at this time is—both our publications are recognized as being the only English I. W. W. papers in the field (except the Industrial Worker, Marine Worker and I. U. bulletins). All other English language publications using the seal and label of the I. W. W. are misrepresenting the true status of affairs, as we have been, and are, the only organization which can rightfully claim to publish official organs of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Regardless of what changes are made when the incoming administration takes office, we request all fellow-workers to co-operate, and give them both moral and financial support to the fullest extent.

Thanking you for the co-operation which acting in the capacity of business manager this office has received while I have been of the publications, and with best wishes.—

Arthur Coleman.

Chicago, February 9, 1926.

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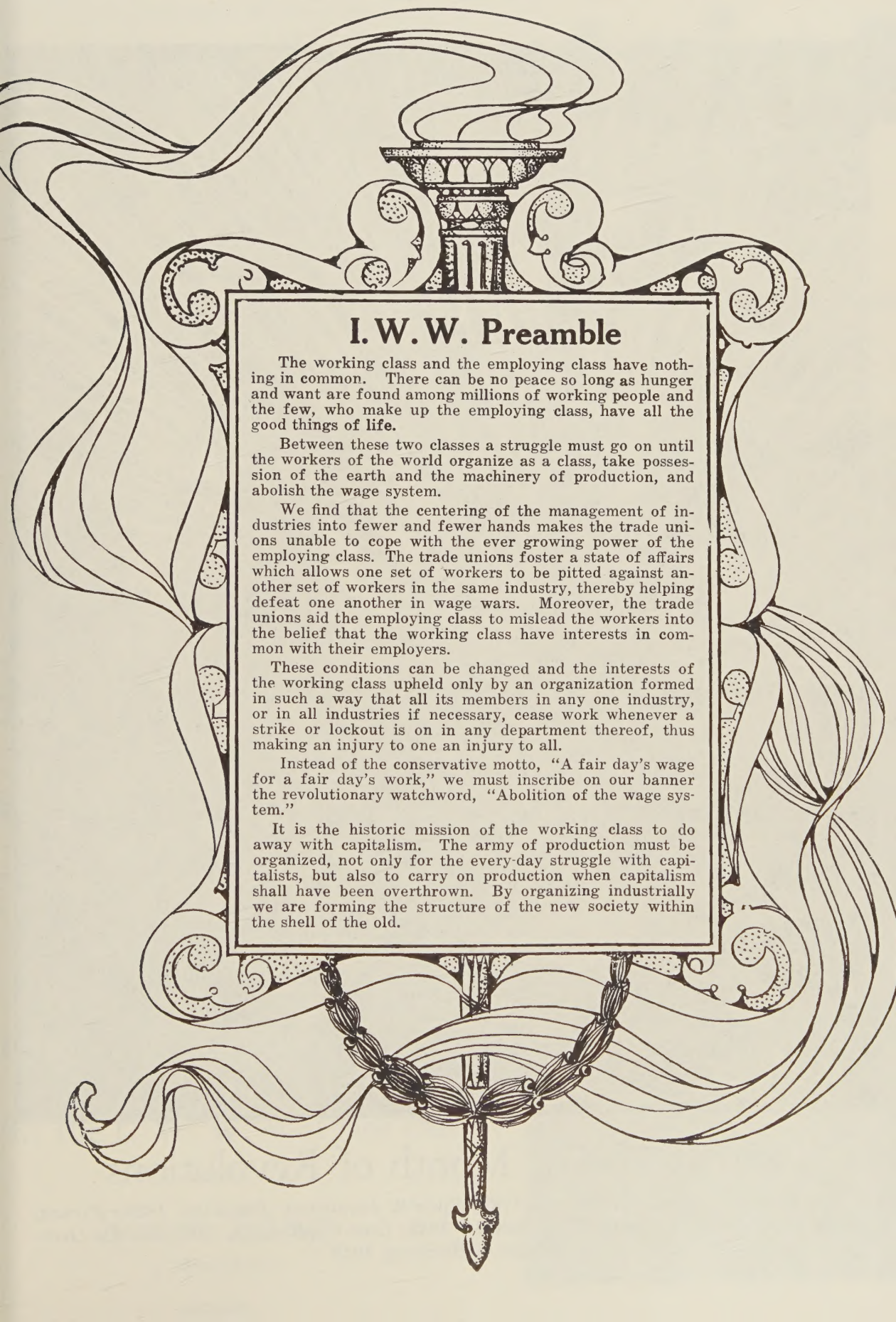
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I. W. W. Preamble

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

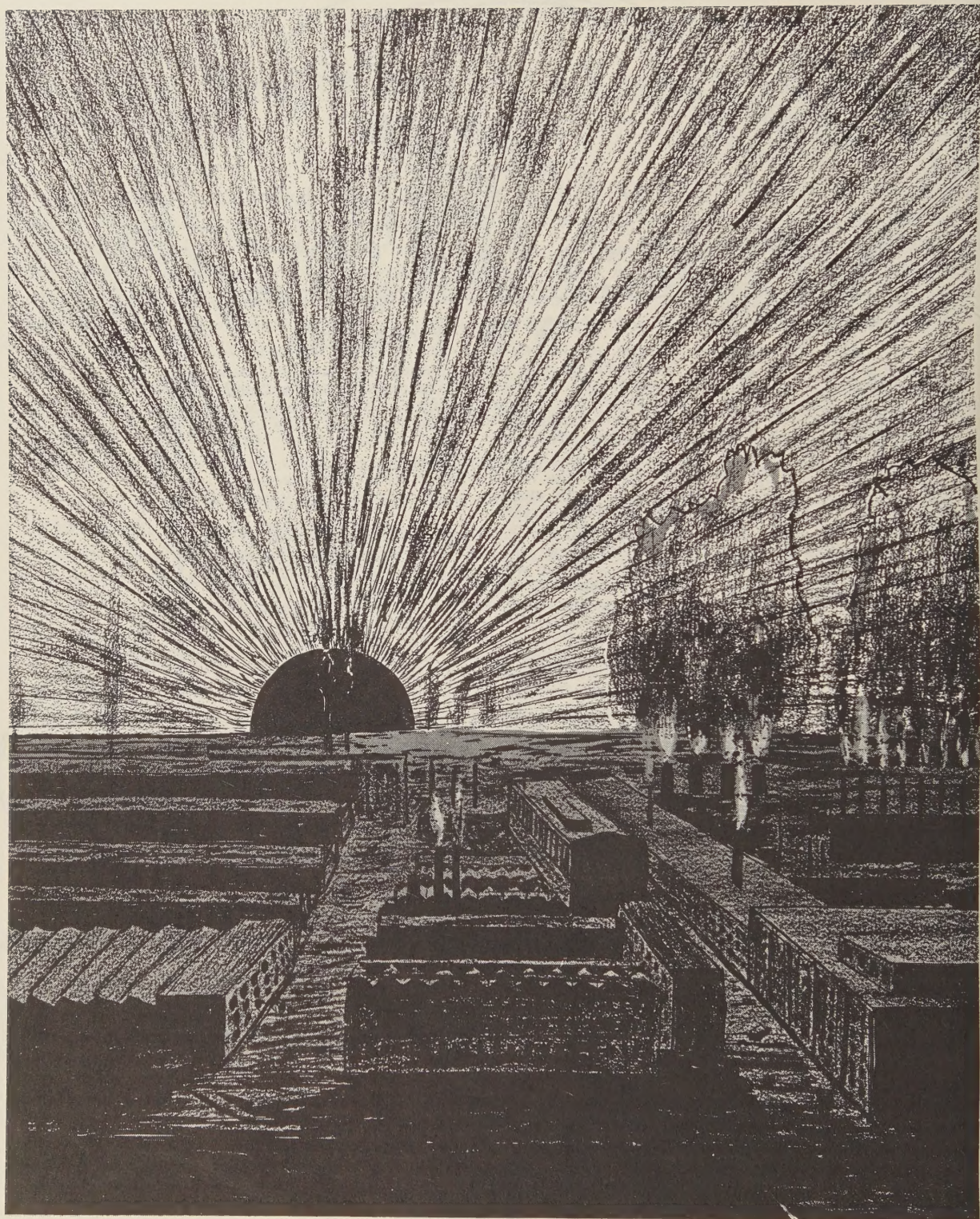
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



MARCH--The Month of Revolutions

Reign of Terror Started In France, 1793; Spanish Inquisition Dissolved, 1820; French, Hungarian, Austrian, German Revolutions, 1848; Czar Overthrown, 1917; Karolyi Overthrown in Hungary, 1919.